the weekly Standard

OCTOBER 20, 2003

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WHY WE WENT TO WAR
ROBERT KAGAN & WILLIAM KRISTOL

ARNOLD ÜBER ALLES

Matt Labash trails along on the final, triumphant days of the Schwarzenegger campaign

Plus analysis by

red Barnes

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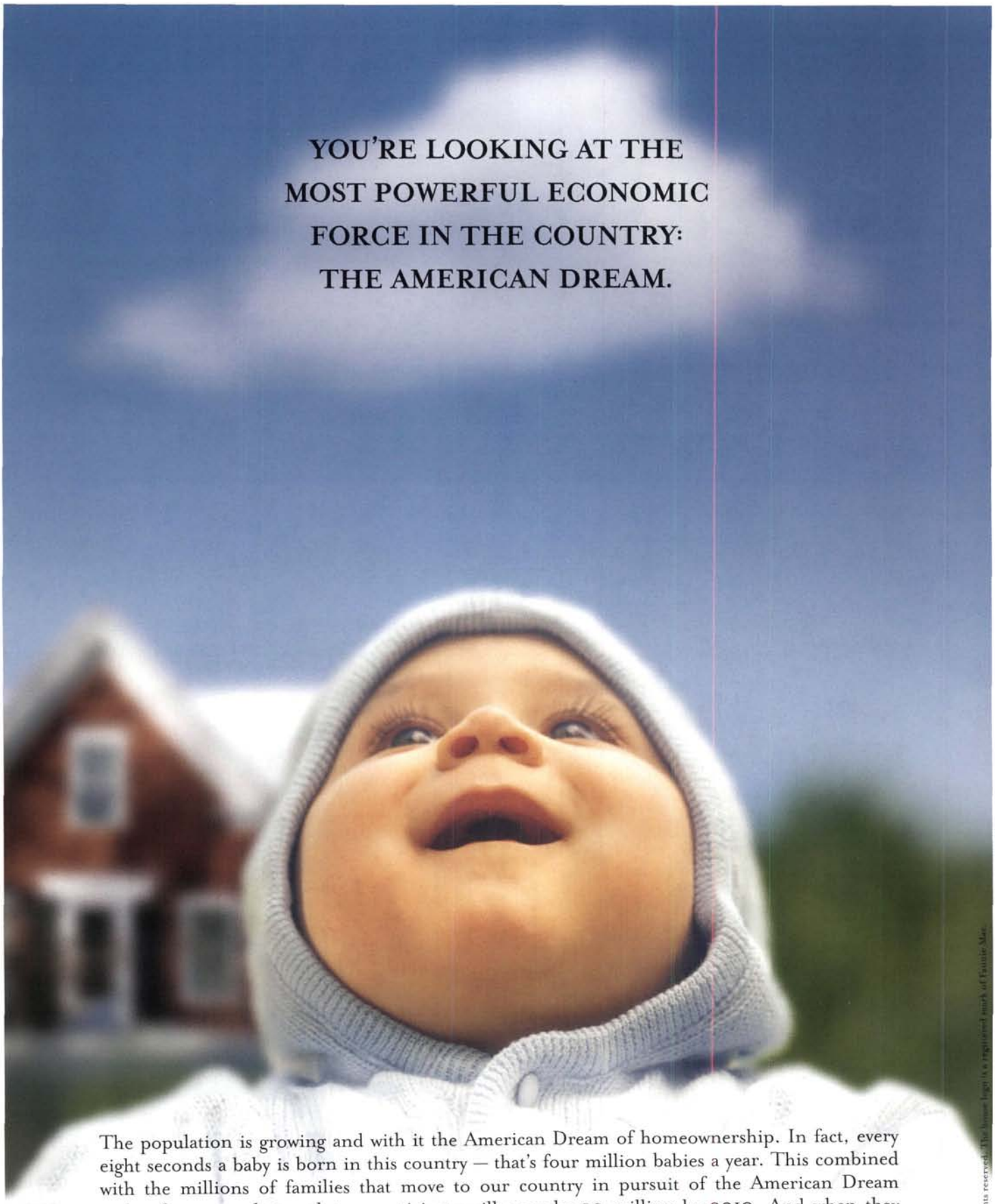

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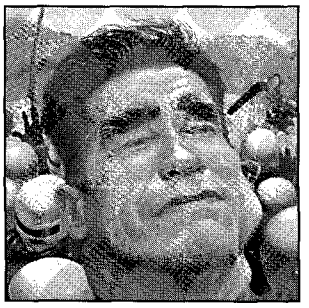

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Exclusive SCRAPBOOK Leak Investigation

In trying to get to the bottom of the who-leaked-the-CIA-wife's-name-to-Robert Novak affair, *Newsweek* offered a conceptual breakthrough last week. The story, remember, took off in late September when a "senior administration official" told the *Washington Post* that before Novak's column appeared last July, two White House officials had "called at least six Washington journalists" to maliciously out the wife of administration critic Joe Wilson—an undercover CIA operative until she was named in Novak's column.

But maybe, suggested *Newsweek*'s ace reporters Michael Isikoff and Mark Hosenball, the "senior administration official" who blabbed to the *Post* was mistaken. Maybe those calls were made *after* Novak's column appeared. That would make the White House officials not leakers or felons, but ham-fisted spinners. Karl Rove, for instance, seems to have had his only reported conversation on the subject of Mrs. Wilson *after* the Novak column was out. And Wilson himself admitted to *Newsweek* that he hadn't heard from any reporters asking about his wife until Novak called. None of the six reporters has yet come forward to confirm the *Post*'s account on the record, although one reporter who asked to remain anonymous did claim to the *Post* that an "official" had called with the information about Wilson's wife.

Here at THE WEEKLY STANDARD—as much damage as it may do to our reputations as insiders to admit this—no one got any calls about Joe Wilson and his wife either before or after the Novak column. And we wonder if perhaps this is why there has been so little progress in identifying the six or more reporters. Journalistic vanity may be preventing the Washington press corps from admitting that their numbers never made it into any administration official's speed-dial list. Either that, or *Newsweek* is right and the six reporters don't really exist—i.e., there was no organized calling until after Mrs. Wilson's name was already in print.

Some "senior administration official," of course told Novak, though perhaps inadvertently as he has claimed. Here's our theory (which is consistent with *Newsweek*'s hypothesis): Maybe it was someone at the CIA. Our (inadvertent) source for this theory is blogger Josh Marshall, who posted this summary of a Sept. 29 interview he did with Wilson: "When Novak first contacted [Wilson] in July, he told him that he had a CIA source that told him that Wilson's wife, Valerie Plame, was a 'CIA operative.' . . . When Novak's article appeared, it sourced the story to 'two senior administration officials.' . . . Wilson says he called Novak back and asked why the article said 'two senior administration officials,' whereas during their phone call he had sourced it to someone at the CIA. According to Wilson, Novak said, 'I misspoke the first time.'"

Misspoke is an artful verb. Novak, who makes a religious dogma out of protecting his sources, would no doubt be completely sincere in saying that he had misspoken if in fact he had accidentally revealed too much to Wilson about his source. There are, after all, "senior administration officials" who work at the CIA. (The identity of the second Novak source is of only academic interest, since he could easily bluff his way into getting someone to confirm what he already knew.)

As we say, this is just a theory. But it's easily disproved. The six journalists could come forward, if they exist. ♦

The "H. Ross" Clark Campaign

General Wesley Clark, the only Democratic candidate for president who—last time THE SCRAPBOOK looked—isn't actually a Democrat, party-registration-wise, is nevertheless many wonderful Democratish things. He is, for example, as he has now explained in one of his many recent, typically detailed policy pronouncements, "pro-health care." Clark is also "pro-environment." You might say he's a "pro" all over.

And you might say he's a Perot all over, too. Consider:

On October 7, veteran Democratic operative Donnie Fowler abruptly quit after three weeks as Clark's campaign manager. According to the Associated Press, Fowler's departure was prompted by his concern "that supporters who used the Internet to draft Clark into the race are not being taken seriously by [other] top campaign officials." And, sure enough, those other top campaign officials—none of them any more veteran or operative-like than Fowler, truth be told—are now the subject of much anguished blogger caterwauling among the general's reg'lar old we-the-people cyber-enthusiasts. In short, the Clark campaign is veering into Reform-party land, where intra-factional squabbling between the "volunteers" and the "big-dollar consultants" becomes the dominant theme, until . . . well, pretty soon, it'll be time for Wesley Clark to start singing Patsy Cline songs, won't it?

Speaking of big dollars, THE SCRAPBOOK feels obliged to acknowledge that Gen. Clark, very much unlike Ross Perot, doesn't have any of his own—big dollars, that is. He seems to want them really really badly, though. Otherwise, the Federal Election Commission prob-

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ably wouldn't have had to open an investigation of Clark, as was revealed last Wednesday, for possible campaign finance law violations. Seems that Clark, even after he formally declared himself a presidential candidate, was still making personally lucrative appearances on the college rubber-chicken speaker's circuit—appearances at which he was less than careful to stay mum about his political ambitions. Unfortunately, under certain pesky statutory provisions and FEC regulations, the honoraria paid to Clark for his talks must therefore be considered campaign contributions. And, in more than one respect, illegal contributions at that. Mark Fabiani, Clark's spokesman, says the general's speechmaking practices "were appropriate." Which is no doubt why Fabiani also says Clark will never do it again and will return the honoraria.

The other Democratic candidates are belatedly beginning to defend themselves against this upstart pretender. At their debate last week in Phoenix, Clark was "slammed" (*USA Today*), "jabbed" (*Chicago Tribune*), "singled out" (the *New York Times*), "ganged up" on (*San Diego Union-Tribune*), and generally subjected to abuse of the sort his new party usually reserves for Republicans and similar such pariahs. "Presidential Hopefuls Take Aim At Drug Companies, Gen. Clark," ran our favorite headline, in the *New York Sun*.

"I'm crazy . . . for thinkin' that my love could hold you. . . ." ♦

No Small Wonder

With all the buzz surrounding Arnold Schwarzenegger's triumph at the polls, it's easy to forget the also-rans who, in many cases, came up with rather impressive results. For instance, we were pleased to see that Gary Coleman, the diminutive ex-child actor from *Diff'rent Strokes* and sometime security guard, garnered 12,683 votes—good enough for eighth place and more than the combined total for comedian Gallagher and entertainer Angelyne. It is also remarkable considering the actor's tumultuous past: Though he once earned $70,000 per episode of his hit series, Coleman was forced to file bankruptcy after his parents squandered his fortune. One of his co-stars was charged with attempted murder, while another starred in a porno (called *Different Strokes*) and later died of an overdose. Coleman admitted to Geraldo Rivera that he twice tried to commit suicide.

That was then. Coleman's impressive showing at last week's polls has taken him to new heights. And if the popularity of actors running for public office holds steady, Coleman could easily return to politics, say, in three years—to run against Senator Dianne Feinstein (whom he contemplated challenging in her last race for reelection). Coleman has called himself a conservative. He is anti-union and for cutting taxes.

Ridiculous? Improbable? Offensive? Perhaps. But with everything that can happen in California these days, THE SCRAPBOOK refuses to give even Gary Coleman short shrift. ♦

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Casual

Sic Transit

Hurrying down 17th Street, I realize I have barely enough time to get to Union Station for my 6:35 train back to Baltimore. I speed up to a jog. As a seasoned commuter, I've learned how to catch the last train out of the city with as little as 15 minutes to go from the time I pass the doorman at the Mayflower Hotel.

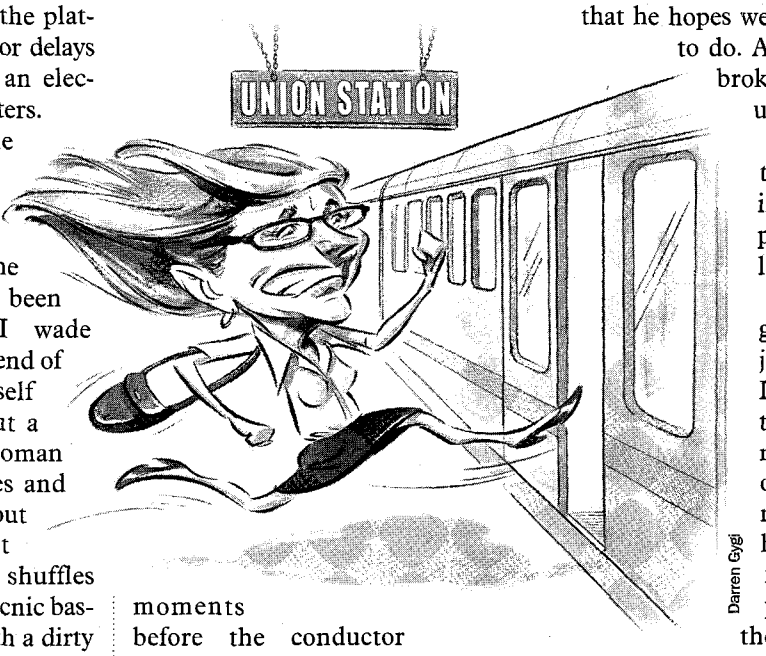
I plunge down the perpetually broken escalator at the Farragut North Metro station and discover the platform below is mobbed. "Major delays in both directions," blares an electronic sign in bright red letters. Over the intercom, a male voice delivers the same news and thanks people for their patience.

Sighing—it's the third time in two weeks my train has been delayed at rush hour—I wade through the crowd to the far end of the platform. I park myself against a pillar and pull out a copy of *Time*. A young woman dressed in schoolgirl clothes and Birkenstocks begins to belt out Cyndi Lauper's "Girls Just Want to Have Fun." She shuffles down the platform toting a picnic basket and swings it into me with a dirty look when she realizes I'm not going to give her any money. I turn back to my magazine.

Soon a train pulls up, packed. Three people get off and at least 100 try to shove their way on. I manage to snag standing room between a hysterical, runny-nosed toddler whose mother is hissing at him and a large man sweating profusely who asks me if I'm okay. The driver yells to stand back and closes the doors. The train doesn't move.

A man in a suit and tie in front of me has gotten his laptop bag caught in the doors. The doors open for a split second, and as the man adjusts his bag he drops it on the platform. The doors close and the train pulls away. No one flinches, but he turns red in the face and begins to curse over the crowd at a Metro policeman at the opposite end of the car. He is put off at the next stop.

We're well on our way to Union Station with eight minutes to spare when the subway jerks to a halt in mid-tunnel. The car is silent for a few moments before the conductor announces that the train in front of us has broken down. Its doors won't close because the cars are too full, so everyone has to debark. A man in the back of my car begins playing a harmonica.



Darren Gygi

Against all odds, I make it to Union Station with one minute to go. I dip and weave through teenagers playing hacky sack, old ladies creeping down the platform, and commuters with rolling suitcases in tow. Throngs are waiting at Gate A. Just as I reach the train, a voice crackles over the intercom. I am braced for the worst.

It seems our train needs a new engine, which will take 35 minutes to install. I sit down to catch my breath. Just as I'm starting to relax, a man stumbles by and spills coffee in my lap. It's not scalding, just pleasantly warm in the aggressive air conditioning, until within seconds it turns cold and forms a brown oval stain on my tan pants. I am too annoyed to acknowledge his apology with grace, but brighten when our train is ready.

Once on board, I find a window seat and settle in for my 50-minute ride, upgrading from *Time* to *The DaVinci Code*. We've made it into Maryland and are maybe 30 miles from Baltimore when the train slows and stops. A conductor announces, "We are dead in the water," adding that he hopes we brought something to do. An Amtrak train has broken down in front of us, and there's no way around it. All rail travel between Washington and Philadelphia is delayed for at least an hour.

The "Little Engine that Could" jokes begin. "I think I can, I think I can," the woman behind me guffaws at her own punchline. The man in front, who has been drinking from a bottle in a paper bag, turns to the woman next to him, who is reading, and loudly lectures her about how he would solve Amtrak's problems.

I get up and move. My new seatmate's name is Tara. I learn this when she tells me, unprovoked, as soon as I sit down, that she was named after the plantation in *Gone With the Wind*. I decide to respond with a toothless smile and say nothing. I once more seek refuge in my book. Two hours later, at 9:30, we pull into Penn Station, Baltimore. Next month I am getting a parking pass.

Rachel DiCarlo

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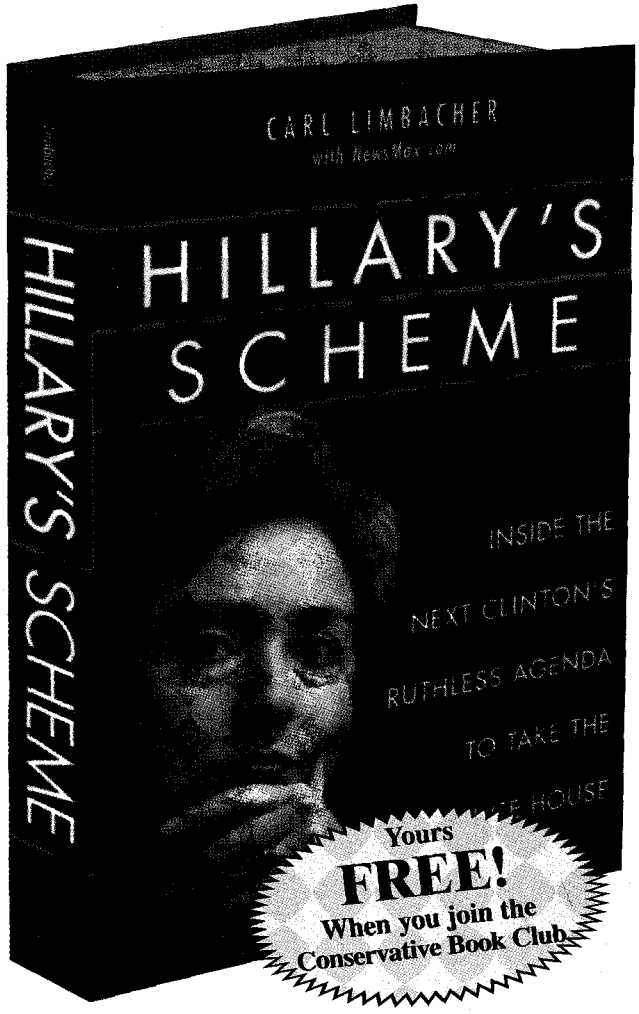
REVEALED...The Clintons' plans to make Hillary President!

And ruthlessly destroy any obstacle in her way



Your worst fears may be about to come true. **Hillary's Scheme: Inside the Next Clinton's Ruthless Agenda to Take the White House** exposes the Clintons' long-range, highly detailed plan to make Hillary President of the United States – and yes, despite her official denials, she's still mulling over a run in 2004.

In shocking detail, investigative journalist Carl Limbacher here blows the lid off the New York senator's plans for a grand political coup, something she has been carefully and quietly plotting for more than 20 years. With a patience, doggedness, and thirst for the truth that few reporters have displayed, Limbacher got the full story of Hillary's plans by conducting extensive research into Hillary's past and securing exclusive interviews with Clinton insiders. He even questioned Hillary herself! Limbacher uncovers the juicy morsels, backroom deals, and insider wrangling surrounding Hillary's presidential ambitions—the hidden details that the mainstream press is too intimidated by (or enamored of) the Clintons to tell you about.

Think that Hillary doesn't stand a chance to become President? Limbacher shows how they'll get around potential and real scandals of a magnitude and much more....find out when you join the Conservative Book Club!

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Do Your Duty

I enjoyed David Gelernter's "Bush's Rhetoric Deficit," (Oct. 6) but feel he ignored the reasons behind the American intervention in Iraq. The United States invaded Iraq in order to stop a rogue nation with weapons of mass destruction. Our motivation was self-interested and we should not pretend it was duty. The soldiers, many of them, did their duty. They deserve moral praise for it. But it is wrong to suppose we deserve praise for ending the torture in Iraq. That was a happy collateral benefit of our actions, not the necessary or sufficient reason for our actions.

Steve Aspenson
Minneapolis, MN

David Gelernter's "Bush's Rhetoric Deficit" provides an interesting perspective on the role of morality in foreign policy, but it also raises some difficult issues. The most obvious problem involves choosing the direction of America's policy in situations where doing what is morally right conflicts with what is in America's interest. For instance, pushing for rapid political change within the People's Republic of China is the natural position to take with respect to supporting global freedom and democracy, but such a sudden change within the PRC could destabilize the international economy and disrupt the modest economic recovery currently underway here in America.

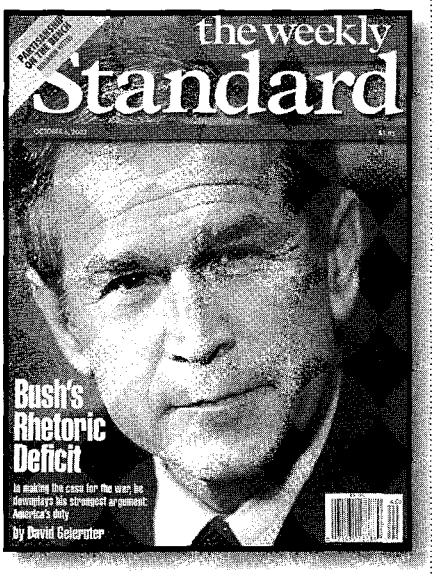
Joseph Williams
Lexington, KY

Neocontest

As "traditional" conservative believers in individual liberty and a less intrusive government, we found Irving Kristol's "The Neoconservative Persuasion" (Aug. 25) profoundly disturbing. This is especially true since Kristol formerly had expressed reservations about the growing power of government. But it was nice to have him as a fellow conservative, if only for a time.

Kristol sniffs at the "Hayekian notion" that we are on "the road to serfdom." He celebrates the neoconservative embrace of big government and the welfare state, sneers at the work of Russell Kirk, and dismisses the concerns of those who, like us, look skeptically at the continuing growth of government as essentially irrelevant. After all, he writes, "People have always preferred strong government to weak."

Kristol's triumphalist tone—crowing, in effect, "We're all big government conservatives, now!"—betrays a flawed historical analysis. Any analysis that places Franklin Roosevelt within the conservative tradition while dismissing Barry Goldwater is at best deeply suspect. It was Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom* that led Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher to embrace conservatism. It was also the seminal work that inspired resistance in both the West and the East to the seemingly inexorable march of Marxism and collectivist big government that characterized the years immediately following World War II.



The observation that people prefer strong government, or at least those things that such governments promise to deliver, is hardly novel. But most conservative analysts have found this desire something to be feared rather than celebrated. Thus, Benjamin Franklin warned his fellow Founders that people do indeed tend to prefer security over liberty, which led the men who gathered to craft our Constitution to write in checks and balances designed specifically to protect the limited government they all favored. It is axiomatic that as the power of government grows, the liberty of the individual must necessarily recede. One cannot have both big (and growing) government and personal liberty. One grows at the expense of the other.

This may not worry today's big-government neocons, who seem far more interested in the pursuit, acquisition, and exercise of government power than in the freedom these impulses threaten. But "traditional" conservatives have always understood the true nature of government and the will to power that beats at its core. True conservatives always have viewed government with a profound skepticism and sought to limit its reach, whereas the neocon impulse seems to be the same as that which animates liberalism. Today's liberals, along with those neoconservatives who applaud Kristol's formulation of the movement of which they are a part, seek to use the state to achieve what they see as desirable social ends. Both are utopian. It was precisely such thinking, and the dangers attendant to it, against which Hayek so elegantly warned.

Kristol's version of conservatism represents not so much a new philosophical system as an abject surrender to the dominance of the state in human affairs. Irving Kristol and his fellow neocons may be comfortable with the welfare state; but the traditional conservatives Kristol dismisses as antediluvian dinosaurs will remain committed to the inseparable link between limited government and the dignity of the free individual.

David A. Keene
American Conservative Union
Alexandria, VA

• • •

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Why We Went to War

"When I left office, there was a substantial amount of biological and chemical material unaccounted for. That is, at the end of the first Gulf War, we knew what he had. We knew what was destroyed in all the inspection processes and that was a lot. And then we bombed with the British for four days in 1998. We might have gotten it all; we might have gotten half of it; we might have gotten none of it. But we didn't know. So I thought it was prudent for the president to go to the U.N. and for the U.N. to say you got to let these inspectors in, and this time if you don't cooperate the penalty could be regime change, not just continued sanctions."

—Bill Clinton, July 22, 2003

Former President Clinton is right about what he and the whole world knew about Saddam Hussein's weapons of mass destruction programs. And most of what everyone knew about Saddam's weapons of mass destruction had nothing to do with this or any other government's intelligence collection and analysis. Had there never been a Central Intelligence Agency—an idea we admit sounds more attractive all the time—the case for war against Iraq would have been rock solid. Almost everything we knew about Saddam's weapons programs and stockpiles, we knew because the Iraqis themselves admitted it.

Here's a little history that seems to have been completely forgotten in the frenzy of the past few months. Shortly after the first Gulf War in 1991, U.N. inspectors discovered the existence of a surprisingly advanced Iraqi nuclear weapons program. In addition, by Iraq's own admission and U.N. inspection efforts, Saddam's regime possessed thousands of chemical weapons and tons of chemical weapon agents. Were it not for the 1995 defection of senior Iraqi officials, the U.N. would never have made the further discovery that Iraq had manufactured and equipped weapons with the deadly chemical nerve agent VX and had an extensive biological warfare program.

Here is what was known by 1998 based on Iraq's own admissions:

* That in the years immediately prior to the first Gulf War, Iraq produced at least 3.9 tons of VX, a deadly nerve gas, and acquired 805 tons of precursor ingredients for the production of more VX.
* That Iraq had produced or imported some 4,000 tons of ingredients to produce other types of poison gas.
* That Iraq had produced 8,500 liters of anthrax.
* That Iraq had produced 500 bombs fitted with parachutes for the purpose of delivering poison gas or germ payloads.
* That Iraq had produced 550 artillery shells filled with mustard gas.
* That Iraq had produced or imported 107,500 casings for chemical weapons.
* That Iraq had produced at least 157 aerial bombs filled with germ agents.
* That Iraq had produced 25 missile warheads containing germ agents (anthrax, aflatoxin, and botulinum).

Again, this list of weapons of mass destruction is not what the Iraqi government was *suspected* of producing. (That would be a longer list, including an Iraqi nuclear program that the German intelligence service had concluded in 2001 might produce a bomb within three years.) It was what the Iraqis *admitted* producing. And it is this list of weapons—not any CIA analysis under either the Clinton or Bush administrations—that has been at the heart of the Iraq crisis.

For in all the years after those admissions, the Iraqi government never explained, or even tried to explain, to anyone's satisfaction, including most recently, that of Hans Blix, what had become of the huge quantities of deadly weapons it had produced. The Iraqi government repeatedly insisted that most of the weapons had been "secretly" destroyed. When asked to produce credible evidence of the destruction—the location of destruction sites, fragments of destroyed weapons, some documentation of the destruction, anything at all—the Iraqis refused. After 1995, the U.N. weapons inspection process became a lengthy cat-and-

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mouse game, as inspectors tried to cajole Iraqis to divulge information about the fate of these admitted stockpiles of weapons. The inspectors fanned out across the country looking for weapons caches, stashes of documents, and people willing to talk. And sometimes, the inspectors uncovered evidence. Both American and French testers found traces of nerve gas on remnants of warheads, for instance. The Iraqis claimed the evidence had been planted.

After 1996, and partly as a consequence of the documents they had discovered and of Iraqi admissions, weapons inspectors must have started getting closer to uncovering what the Iraqis were hiding. For at about that time, inspectors' demands to visit certain facilities began to be systematically blocked by Saddam. There was the famous confrontation over the so-called "presidential palaces," actually vast complexes of buildings and warehouses, that Saddam simply declared off-limits to inspectors.

At the end of 1997, this limitation on the inspectors' freedom of movement precipitated an international crisis. The Clinton administration demanded that the inspectors be given full access to the "palaces." The Iraqis refused. Instead, Saddam demanded the removal of all Americans from the U.N. inspection team and an end to all U-2 flights over Iraq, and even threatened to shoot the planes down. In case there was any doubt that his aim was to conceal weapons programs that the inspectors were getting close to discovering, Iraq at this time also began moving equipment that could be used to manufacture weapons out of the range of video cameras that had been installed by the U.N. inspection team.

The *New York Times* reported at the time that the U.N. weapons inspectors (*not* American intelligence) believed that Iraq possessed "the elements of a deadly germ warfare arsenal and perhaps poison gases, as well as the rudiments of a missile system" that could launch the warheads. But because of Saddam's action at the end of 1997, the *Times* reported, the U.N. inspection team could "no longer verify that Iraq is not making weapons of mass destruction" and specifically could not monitor "equipment that could grow seed stocks of biological agents in a matter of hours." Saddam's precipitating of this crisis was a bold move, aimed at splitting the U.N. Security Council and isolating the Clinton administration. And it worked. The Clinton administration tried but failed to get French and Russian support at the Security Council either for military action or for a tightening of sanctions to force Saddam to cease these activities and comply with his commitment to disarm. The French and Russian position by 1997 was that the "books" should be closed on Iraq's WMD programs, sanctions should be lifted, and relations with Saddam should be normalized. That remained the French position for the next five years.

It was in response to this crisis that we at this magazine began calling for Saddam Hussein's ouster by means of a ground invasion. And in a letter sent to President Clinton on January 26, 1998, we and a number of other former government officials urged military action against Saddam on the grounds that the situation had become untenable and perilous. As a result of recent events, we wrote, the United States could

> no longer depend on our partners in the Gulf War coalition to continue to uphold the sanctions or to punish Saddam when he blocks or evades U.N. inspections. Our ability to ensure that Saddam Hussein is not producing weapons of mass destruction, therefore, has substantially diminished. Even if full inspections were eventually to resume, which now seems highly unlikely, experience has shown that it is difficult if not impossible to monitor Iraq's chemical and biological weapons production. The lengthy period during which the inspectors will have been unable to enter many Iraqi facilities has made it even less likely that they will be able to uncover all of Saddam's secrets. As a result, in the not-too-distant future we will be unable to determine with any reasonable level of confidence whether Iraq does or does not possess such weapons. Such uncertainty will, by itself, have a seriously destabilizing effect on the entire Middle East.

In early 1998, the Clinton administration, following this same logic, prepared for war against Iraq. On February 17, President Clinton spoke on the steps of the Pentagon to explain to the American people why war was necessary. The speech is worth excerpting at length, because it was then and remains today the fundamental case for the invasion of Iraq and the removal of Saddam Hussein from power.

President Clinton declared that the great threat confronting the United States and its allies was a lethal and "unholy axis" of international terrorists and outlaw states. "They will be all the more lethal if we allow them to build arsenals of nuclear, chemical and biological weapons and the missiles to deliver them." There was, Clinton declared, "no more clear example of this threat than Saddam Hussein's Iraq. His regime threatens the safety of his people, the stability of his region and the security of all the rest of us." Before the Gulf War of 1991, Clinton noted, "Saddam had built up a terrible arsenal, and he had used it. Not once, but many times in a decade-long war with Iran, he used chemical weapons against combatants, against civilians, against a foreign adversary and even against his own people." At the end of the Gulf War, Saddam had promised to reveal all his programs and disarm within 15 days. But instead, he had spent "the better part of the past decade trying to cheat on this solemn commitment." As Clinton explained:

> Iraq repeatedly made false declarations about the weapons that it had left in its possession after the Gulf War. When

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UNSCOM would then uncover evidence that gave the lie to those declarations, Iraq would simply amend the reports. For example, Iraq revised its nuclear declarations four times within just 14 months, and it has submitted six different biological warfare declarations, each of which has been rejected by UNSCOM.

In 1995 Hussein Kamal, Saddam's son-in-law and the chief organizer of Iraq's weapons of mass destruction program, defected to Jordan. He revealed that Iraq was continuing to conceal weapons and missiles and the capacity to build many more. Then and only then did Iraq admit to developing numbers of weapons in significant quantities—and weapons stocks. Previously it had vehemently denied the very thing it just simply admitted once Saddam's son-in-law defected to Jordan and told the truth.

Now listen to this: What did it admit? It admitted, among other things, an offensive biological warfare capability, notably, 5,000 gallons of botulinum, which causes botulism; 2,000 gallons of anthrax; 25 biological-filled Scud warheads; and 157 aerial bombs. And I might say UNSCOM inspectors believe that Iraq has actually greatly understated its production. . . .

Next, throughout this entire process, Iraqi agents have undermined and undercut UNSCOM. They've harassed the inspectors, lied to them, disabled monitoring cameras, literally spirited evidence out of the back doors of suspect facilities as inspectors walked through the front door, and our people were there observing it and had the pictures to prove it. . . .

Over the past few months, as [the weapons inspectors] have come closer and closer to rooting out Iraq's remaining nuclear capacity, Saddam has undertaken yet another gambit to thwart their ambitions by imposing debilitating conditions on the inspectors and declaring key sites which have still not been inspected off limits, including, I might add, one palace in Baghdad more than 2,600 acres large. . . .

One of these presidential sites is about the size of Washington, D.C. . . .

It is obvious that there is an attempt here, based on the whole history of this operation since 1991, to protect whatever remains of his capacity to produce weapons of mass destruction, the missiles to deliver them, and the feed stocks necessary to produce them. The UNSCOM inspectors believe that Iraq still has stockpiles of chemical and biological munitions, a small force of Scud-type missiles, and the capacity to restart quickly its production program and build many, many more weapons. . . .

Now, let's imagine the future. What if he fails to comply and we fail to act, or we take some ambiguous third route, which gives him yet more opportunities to develop this program of weapons of mass destruction and continue to press for the release of the sanctions and continue to ignore the solemn commitments that he made? Well, he will conclude that the international community has lost its will. He will then conclude that he can go right on and do more to rebuild an arsenal of devastating destruction.

And some day, some way, I guarantee you he'll use the arsenal. . . . In the next century, the community of nations may see more and more of the very kind of threat Iraq poses now—a rogue state with weapons of mass destruction, ready to use them or provide them to terrorists, drug traffickers, or organized criminals who travel the world among us unnoticed.

If we fail to respond today, Saddam, and all those who would follow in his footsteps, will be emboldened tomorrow by the knowledge that they can act with impunity, even in the face of a clear message from the United Nations Security Council, and clear evidence of a weapons of mass destruction program.

The Clinton administration tried but failed to get French and Russian support at the U.N. Security Council either for military action or for a tightening of sanctions.

The Clinton administration did not in fact respond. War was averted by a lame compromise worked out by U.N. Secretary General Kofi Annan. But within a few months, Saddam was again obstructing U.N. inspectors, driving a deeper wedge into the U.N. Security Council and attempting to put a final end to the inspections process. He succeeded. At the end of 1998, the Clinton administration launched Operation Desert Fox, a four-day missile and bombing attack on Iraq that was aimed principally at known and suspected facilities for producing weapons of mass destruction and missiles. The effect of the bombings on Iraq's programs and stockpiles, however, was unknown, as Clinton acknowledges. But one effect of Operation Desert Fox was that Saddam expelled the U.N. inspectors altogether. Beginning in December 1998 and for the next four years, there were no U.N. inspectors in Iraq.

What did Saddam Hussein do during those four years of relative freedom? To this day, no one knows for sure. The only means of learning Iraqi activities during those years were intelligence, satellite photography, electronic eavesdropping, and human sources. The last of these was in short supply. And, as we now know, the ability to determine the extent of Saddam's programs only by so-called technical means was severely limited. American and foreign intelligence services pieced together what little information they could, but they were trying to illuminate a dark cave with a Bic lighter. Without a vast inspection team on the ground, operating unfettered and over a long period of time, it was clear that the great unanswered questions regarding Iraq—what happened to the old stockpiles of weapons and what new programs Saddam was working on—could never be answered.

The rest of the story, we assume, most people remember. The Bush administration's threat of war beginning

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last summer led France and Russia to reverse themselves and to start taking the Iraq weapons issue seriously again. In U.N. Security Council Resolution 1441, the Security Council agreed on a new round of inspections, during which Saddam was to do finally what he had promised to do back in 1991 and ever since: make a clean breast of all his programs, answer all the unanswered questions about his admitted stockpiles of weapons, and fully disarm. Resolution 1441 demanded that, within 30 days, Iraq provide "a currently accurate, full, and complete declaration of all aspects of its programmes to develop chemical, biological, and nuclear weapons, ballistic missiles, and other delivery systems such as unmanned aerial vehicles and dispersal systems designed for use on aircraft, including any holdings and precise locations of such weapons, components, sub-components, stocks of agents, and related material and equipment, the locations and work of its research, development and production facilities, as well as all other chemical, biological, and nuclear programmes, including any which it claims are for purposes not related to weapon production or material."

Iraq did not comply with this demand within 30 days—or, for that matter, within 90. In his March 6, 2003, report to the U.N. Security Council, Hans Blix reported that the declared stocks of anthrax and VX remained unaccounted for. In the last chance given to Iraq by Resolution 1441, Iraq had failed to provide answers. As Blix reported again in May 2003, "little progress was made in the solution of outstanding issues. . . . the long list of proscribed items unaccounted for and as such resulting in unresolved disarmament issues was not shortened either by the inspections or by Iraqi declarations and documentation."

We have retold this long story for one simple reason: This is why George W. Bush and Tony Blair and Jose Maria Aznar led their governments and a host of others to war to remove the Saddam Hussein regime in March 2003. It was not, in the first instance, to democratize the Middle East, although we have always believed and still believe that the building of a democratic Iraq, if the United States succeeds in doing so, will have a positive impact on the Arab world. It was not to increase the chances of an Arab-Israeli peace, although we still believe that the removal of a dangerous radical tyrant like Saddam Hussein may make that difficult task somewhat easier. It was not because we believed Saddam Hussein had ordered the September 11 attack, although we believe the links between Saddam and al Qaeda are becoming clearer every day (see Stephen F. Hayes's article on page 33 of this issue). Nor did the United States and its allies go to war because we believed that some quantity of "yellowcake" was making its way from Niger to Iraq, or that Saddam was minutes away from launching a nuclear weapon against Chicago. We never believed the threat from Saddam was "imminent" in that sense.

The reason for war, in the first instance, was always the strategic threat posed by Saddam because of his proven record of aggression and barbarity, his admitted possession of weapons of mass destruction, and the certain knowledge of his programs to build more. It was the threat he posed to his region, to our allies, and to core U.S. interests that justified going to war this past spring, just as it also would have justified a Clinton administration decision to go to war in 1998. It was why Bill Clinton, Madeleine Albright, William Cohen, and many other top officials had concluded in the late 1990s that Saddam Hussein was an intolerable menace to his neighbors, to American allies, and ultimately to the United States itself, and therefore had eventually to be removed. It was also why a large number of Democrats, including John Kerry and General Wesley Clark, expressed support for the war last year, before Howard Dean and his roaring left wing of the Democratic party made support for "Bush's war" untenable for Democratic candidates.

Nothing that has or has not been discovered in Iraq since the end of the war changes this fundamental judgment. Those who always objected to the rationale for the war want to use the failure so far to discover large caches of weapons to re-litigate the question. Democrats fearful of their party's left wing are using it to jump off the positions they held last year. That's politics. But back in the real world, the fact that David Kay's inspections teams have not yet found out what happened to Saddam's admitted stockpiles is not surprising. U.N. weapons inspectors did not find those caches of weapons in 12 years; Kay and his team have had about four months. Yes, we wish Saddam had left his chemical munitions and biological weapons neatly stacked up in a warehouse somewhere marked on the outside with a big, yellow skull and crossbones. We wish he had published his scientists' nuclear designs in the daily paper. Or we wish we could find the "Dear Diary" entry where he explains exactly what happened to all the weapons he built. But he did not leave these helpful hints behind.

After Operation Iraqi Freedom, the U.S. military was led by an Iraqi to a part of the desert where, lo and behold, a number of MiG fighter jets had been buried under the sand. Note that the Americans did not discover the jets themselves. Discovering chemical and biological munitions will be somewhat harder. Kay recently reported to Congress that there are approximately 130 Ammunition Storage Points scattered across Iraq, a country the size of France. Many of the ammunition depots take up more than 50 square miles. Together they hold 600,000 tons of artillery shells, rockets, aviation bombs, and other ordinance. Under Saddam, U.N. inspectors learned, the Iraqi military stored chemical ordnance at the same ammunition depots where the conventional rounds were

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stored. Do you know how many of the 130 Iraqi ammunition depots have been searched since the end of the war? Ten. Only 120 to go.

Saddam Hussein had four years of unfettered activity in which to hide and reconfigure his weapons programs. Our intelligence on this, as we noted earlier, may have been lousy. David Kay's task has essentially been to reconstruct a story we don't know. In fact, he's learned quite a bit in a very short time. For instance, as Kay reported to Congress, his team has uncovered "dozens of WMD-related program activities and significant amounts of equipment that Iraq concealed from the U.N. *during the inspections that began in late 2002*" (emphasis added). In addition, based on admissions by Iraqi scientists and government officials, Kay and his team have discovered:

* A clandestine network of laboratories and safehouses within the Iraqi Intelligence Service that contained equipment suitable for research in the production of chemical and biological weapons. This kind of equipment was explicitly mentioned in Hans Blix's requests for information, but was instead concealed from Blix throughout his investigations.

* A prison laboratory complex, which may have been used in human testing of biological weapons agents. Iraqi officials working to prepare for U.N. inspections in 2002 and 2003 were explicitly ordered not to acknowledge the existence of the prison complex.

* So-called "reference strains" of biological organisms, which can be used to produce biological weapons. The strains were found in a scientist's home.

* New research on agents applicable to biological weapons, including Congo Crimean Hemorrhagic Fever, and continuing research on ricin and aflatoxin—all of which was, again, concealed from Hans Blix despite his specific request for any such information.

* Plans and advanced design work on new long-range missiles with ranges up to at least 1,000 kilometers—well beyond the 150-kilometer limit imposed on Iraq by the U.N. Security Council. These missiles would have allowed Saddam to threaten targets from Ankara to Cairo.

In addition to these banned activities, which were occurring right under the noses of the U.N. inspectors this past year, Kay and his team also discovered a massive effort to destroy evidence of weapons programs, an effort that began before the war and continued during it and even after the war. In the "looting" that followed the fall of Baghdad, computer hard drives were destroyed in government buildings—thus making the computers of no monetary value to actual looters. Kay also found documents burned or shredded. And people whom the Kay team tried to interview were in some cases threatened with retaliation by Saddam loyalists. Indeed, two of the scientists were subsequently shot. Others involved in the weapons programs have refused to talk for fear of eventual prosecution for war crimes.

Nevertheless, Kay has begun piecing together the story of what happened to Saddam's weapons and how he may have shifted direction in the years after 1998. It is possible that instead of building up large stockpiles of weapons, Saddam decided the safer thing would be to advance his covert programs for producing weapons but wait until the pressure was off to produce the weapons themselves. By the time inspectors returned to Iraq in 2002, Saddam was ready to be a little more forthcoming, because he had rejiggered his program to withstand somewhat greater scrutiny. Nevertheless, even then he could not let the inspectors see everything. Undoubtedly he hoped that if he could get through that last round, he would be home free, eventually without sanctions or further inspections.

Had Saddam Hussein not been removed this year, it would have been only a matter of time before this president or some future president was compelled to take action against him.

There are no doubt some Americans who believe that this would have been an acceptable outcome. Or who believe that another six months of inspections would have uncovered all that Saddam was hiding. Or that a policy of "containment"—which included 200,000 troops on Iraq's borders as an inducement to permit inspections—could have been sustained indefinitely both at the U.N. Security Council and in Washington. We believe the overwhelming lesson of our history with Saddam is that none of these options would have succeeded. Had Saddam Hussein not been removed this year, it would have been only a matter of time before this president or some future president was compelled to take action against him, and in more dangerous circumstances.

There are people who will never accept this logic, who prefer to believe, or claim to believe, that the whole Iraq affair was, in the words of Ted Kennedy, a "fraud" "made up in Texas" for political gain, or who believe that it was the product of a vast conspiracy orchestrated by a tiny little band of "neoconservatives." Some of the people propagating this conspiratorial view of the Iraq war are now running for the Democratic nomination for president; one of them is even a former general who led the war against Slobodan Milosevic in 1999. We wish them the best of luck selling their conspiracy theories to the American people. But we trust Bill Clinton won't be stumping for them on this particular issue.

—Robert Kagan & William Kristol

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Conan the Budget Cutter

Memo to Arnold: Get tough on spending and don't raise taxes. **BY FRED BARNES**

KRT / Nader Khouri

CAN ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER govern California? Of course he can, so long as he adheres to rule number one for Republican governors: Don't raise taxes without first making a heroic effort to wipe out a deficit by spending cuts alone. If spending cuts won't suffice, borrow to cover the shortfall. And if borrowing isn't an option, make sure any tax hike is tiny and temporary. Two conservative Republican governors, Bob Riley of Alabama and Kenny Guinn of Nevada, have violated this important rule of political survival and now their governorships are in ruins. Riley was humiliated when voters in a statewide referendum overwhelmingly rejected his proposed tax hike. Guinn sparked a recall drive that's serious but likely to fail.

For Schwarzenegger, there's only one way to redeem his campaign promise of no new taxes (bets, of course, being off in the event of a major earthquake or 9/11-like terrorist attack). That's by submitting a budget in January with no new taxes.

From all indications, Schwarzenegger understands this. Post-election, he's renewed his pledge to concentrate on spending, not taxes, and faulted Gov. Gray Davis and the Democratic legislature for "spending, spending, spending" as revenues fell off. Nor are Schwarzenegger's advisers seeking wiggle room on taxes. "He's going to solve the budget problem by cutting spending and not by raising taxes," said former secretary of state and treasury secretary George P. Shultz, one of Schwarzenegger's closest advisers.

Another sign of Schwarzenegger's intentions is his hiring of Donna Arduin, Florida governor Jeb Bush's budget director, to conduct an audit of California's finances. If he'd wanted to use the audit to justify raising taxes, he wouldn't have summoned Arduin. Her reputation is for locating spending cuts and averting tax increases. She did exactly that for three Republican governors—Bush, John Engler of Michigan, and George Pataki of New York. "She knows where the bodies are buried" in state budgets, says Steve Moore of the tax-phobic Club for Growth.

Still, given California's humongous deficit, the question is whether it's feasible to rely solely on spending cuts. Democrats insist it's not. "The math is tough," according to state treasurer Phil Angelides. The California press—and the national media, for that matter—are filled with stories about the difficulty of finding enough spending cuts. "Many budget makers are skeptical that the audit . . . will find billions of dollars in waste . . . or turn up the kinds of surprises [Schwarzenegger] predicts will provide a guiding light toward fiscal health," wrote Evan

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Halper and Jeffrey Rabin in the *Los Angeles Times*.

In truth, the budget is a target-rich environment. For 16 years, spending by the Democrat-controlled legislature was restrained by Republican governors, first George Deukmejian, then Pete Wilson. And from 1979 to 1990, spending was limited by law to no more than the rate of population growth and inflation combined. But in 1998, with the election of Davis, Democrats took full control of the California government. Spending skyrocketed 40 percent in the past four years. Could it be possible that all this new spending involves essential government services the public can't do without? Not a chance.

Credible budgets with deep spending cuts are not unknown in California. Last February, state senate Republicans offered a budget that included $5.1 billion in reduced spending followed by a two-year freeze on new expenditures. In July, Republicans released a 58-page list of cuts totaling $2.72 billion, some of which Davis had proposed but then abandoned. Democrats rejected them, though the cuts would have reduced the amount of borrowing needed for a balanced budget. Tom McClintock, the Republican state senator who ran against Schwarzenegger in the recall election, has urged a more radical approach—balancing the budget by suspending required spending and reducing current expenditures 9.5 percent.

To produce a balanced budget without new taxes, Schwarzenegger may not have to find cuts of $12 billion as currently envisioned. Jim Brulte, the Republican leader in the senate, says the economic recovery should generate $2 to $3 billion in revenue beyond current projections. Savings could also come from reduced debt payments. Brulte, whose top aide has been appointed Schwarzenegger's transition staff director, says the new governor "should be able to do it without a tax increase."

Democrats in the legislature bitterly oppose a diet of spending cuts. "If [Schwarzenegger] wants to take money away from the aged, blind, and disabled, or if he wants to take money away from poor women and children, I don't think so," said senate majority leader John Burton of San Francisco. "Not while I'm around." Democrats have enormous clout not only because of majorities in both legislative houses, but also because it takes a two-thirds vote to pass a budget.

So Schwarzenegger will have to fight Democrats to succeed as governor. It's a fight he can win. Schwarzenegger starts with significant advantages, not least the momentum from his extraordinary election. "The Democrats have gotten everything they wanted for the last five years," says Brulte. "And the recall was a reaction to their getting everything." The governor is the one being recalled, but the legislature is even less popular. If Democrats are a roadblock, Schwarzenegger can appeal directly to the public, which is already on his side. A large majority of California wants him to be successful. "If I were a Democrat, I'd be a little bit concerned about his coming into my district and saying I'm an obstacle," says Republican strategist Ken Khachigian.

Democrats belittle Schwarzenegger as an actor unschooled in policymaking, but Ronald Reagan once noted that having been an actor really comes in handy in politics. And as governor of California from 1966 to 1974, he made fools out of his critics. True, Reagan raised taxes his first year, but a change in budgeting process allowed his predecessor to spend revenues earmarked for Reagan's term. A tax hike was inescapable for Reagan, but for Schwarzenegger it's not. His life as an immigrant in America is a story of fulfilling almost impossible dreams. As governor, he can achieve yet one more audacious goal by keeping his promise on taxes, restraining spending, and taming Democrats. ♦

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The Out-of-Touch Party

What the California recall tells us about the Democrats. BY NOEMIE EMERY

GOVERNOR ARNOLD is bad news for the Democrats. Republicans now hold the statehouses in the four largest states. But the really bad news is that the Democrats running for the honor of contesting George W. Bush in the 2004 showdown are being picked by a primary audience that is so out of sync with the national mainstream that the two of them barely converge. Think of the California recall as a trial run for the national election: Track the primary themes as they played out in the recall, and the picture you see is a field in denial, a party at war with reality.

Nothing works up a Democratic primary crowd so much as tirades against Bush. The trouble is that all the charges of *fool*, *fraud*, *fake*, and *miserable failure* reflect the fever swamps of the liberal psyche much more than the facts on the ground. Bush has hardly succeeded in everything, but he rallied the country after a terrible blow, launched two successful wars, locked up a large chunk of the terrorist network, and kept the country safe from attack for two years. The economy took a big hit but has since shown resilience. This isn't total success, but it hardly qualifies as failure, and most people know it, among them the voters in California, who were asked to turn their thumbs down on the recall to send a message to Bush.

The most aggressive Bush-baiter was Arianna Huffington, who attacked Arnold as being a clone of the president. She expressed this view at great length at their single encounter. After this debate Schwarzenegger soared, while Huffington's share in the polls fell from 2 percent to 0.4, at which point she dropped out and went to work for Gray Davis. And this in one of the most liberal states in the country, which Bush lost to Al Gore by 11 points.

Another pet theme on the Democratic primary circuit is the alleged and dire far-right-wing plot to subvert democracy. This was said to begin with Bill Clinton's impeachment (an attempt at a "coup" that would have made Al Gore president), then went on through the Florida recount (which Gore "won" and was somehow deprived of), through the redistricting ruckus in Texas, and reached its supposed apex in the recall election.

The trouble of course is that the recall was legal and that it followed the course prescribed in the California constitution. Many Democrats supported the recall, and some also backed the Republican candidates. Likewise, the levels of rage at the impeachment and recount, though deep, were never too wide. Deep feelings on both of these issues were confined to narrow tranches of partisans at the two ends of the spectrum, while the middle remained unengaged. The impeachment itself, and the acquittal that followed, were met by the public with few signs of emotion, and the consensus that seems to have emerged in the aftermath is that impeachment followed by acquittal is really what Clinton deserved.

In the Florida recount, people understood the election to have been a tie, knew it was within the margin of error, and knew a clean win was not possible. But they also seemed ready to accept as the winner whoever emerged under the laws in place at the time. Republicans played rough, and pushed every advantage, but so did Democrats. Few outside the far left were enraged by the Supreme Court's decision, which most saw as the only way out.

The first sign that the warning of possible putsches might not be a winner happened of course in the 2002 midterm elections, widely seen as a test of whether the results of the recount were understood to be legitimate. Al Gore traveled from one coast to the other invoking the outrage of Florida. Democrats' poll numbers fell when he did so. In Florida itself, scene of the crime, Democrats planned to wreak terrible vengeance. Millions were spent in an effort to take down the president's brother, who won in a landslide. What didn't work in Florida in 2002 didn't work in California in 2003, either. What a surprise.

For two months, the California recall battle and the primary fight among Democrats have been running alongside one another on parallel tracks. In the primary world, made up of activists, talk of plots and fury at Bush are the tickets to cheers, and to prominence. In the real world, made up of a general audience, they turn into millstones, or worse. Bush may still lose—there are too many variables—but not on these grounds or these issues.

"Arnold will lose," wrote Michael Tomasky on August 13 in the *American Prospect*, a magazine that has felled vast tracts of forests to further the proposition that the worst man in all of human history is George W. Bush. The reason was the sharp division in the political culture. "A series of corrosively divisive events have made Americans choose sides," he explained. "The Clinton impeachment, the 2000 election, and the debate over the Iraq war have been the main events."

As a result, he said, people would be voting core values. He was right. They just did. ♦

Noemie Emery is a contributing editor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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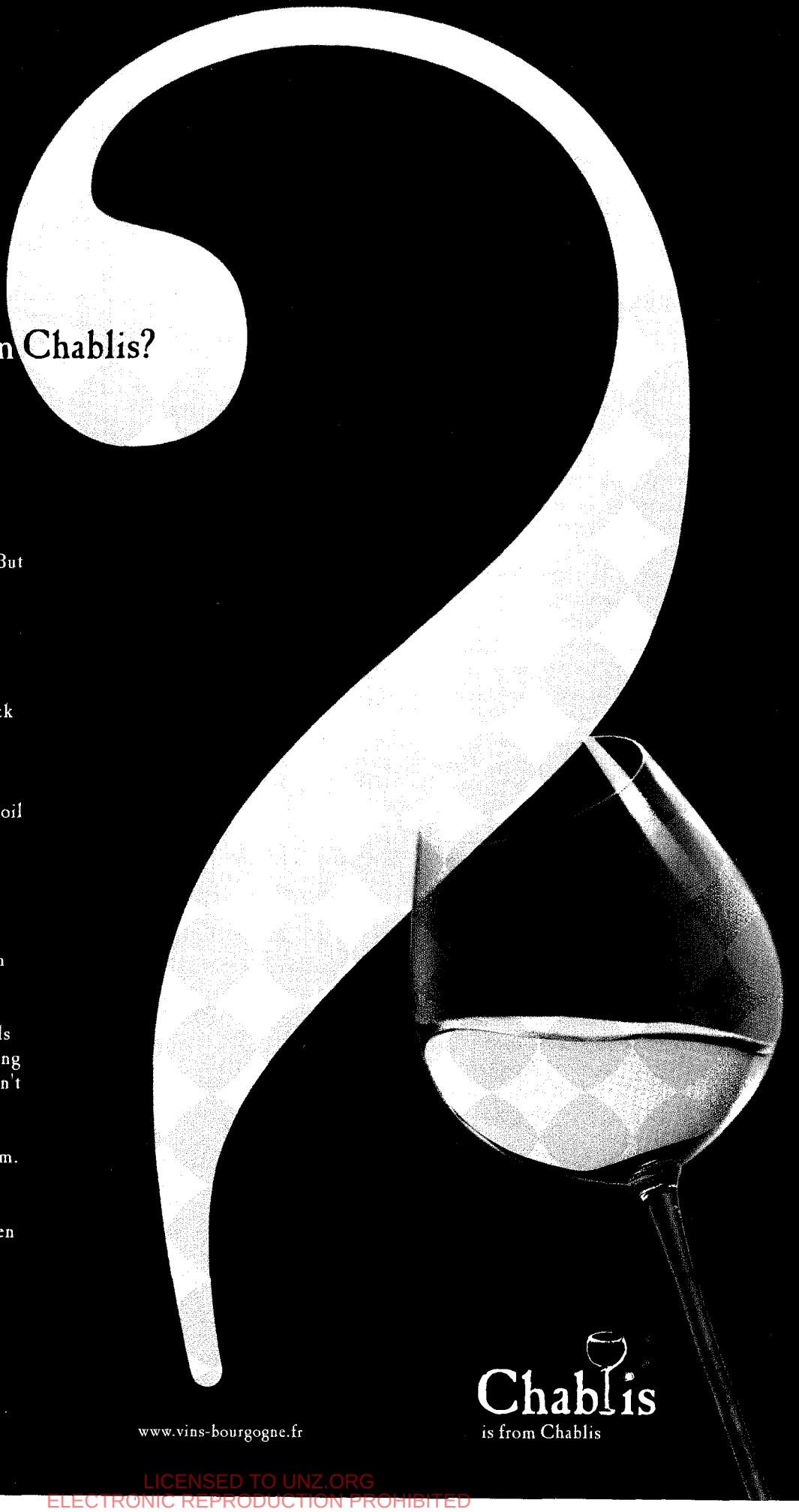

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Pete Wilson's Vindication

Proposition 187 has painted California Democrats into a corner. BY DEBRA J. SAUNDERS

IT IS AN ARTICLE OF FAITH among political journalists that Proposition 187, the 1994 initiative approved by California voters to deny illegal immigrants state benefits, was poison to the Republican party. Somehow the measure, though endorsed by 59 percent of voters and many GOP candidates, is bad politics. So it was inevitable that when Arnold Schwarzenegger ventured into the governor's race, the *Los Angeles Times* would blare: "Actor voted for the divisive '94 initiative, a move that could alienate Latinos. But analysts say it might help him with hard-core conservatives."

In the same spirit, another *Times* story noted the danger of Schwarzenegger's taking positions on immigration issues: "That risk was apparent Sunday when former Gov. Pete Wilson, a co-chairman of the actor's campaign, acknowledged that Schwarzenegger backed Proposition 187, the 1994 ballot measure that sought to curb public services for illegal immigrants."

The recall election should put an end to this nonsense. As the results of the recall confirm, Proposition 187, while clearly no killer for Republicans, instead pushed the Democrats into a corner. Their refusal to distinguish between illegal and legal immigration put them at odds with the California mainstream.

When Wilson aired a campaign ad in 1994 that showed illegal immigrants streaming across the border, Democrats were quick to attack him. The California Democratic party argued that it was racist to deny illegal immigrants state benefits.

The R-word didn't help Democrats keep Wilson out of the governor's horseshoe that year—Wilson defeated Kathleen Brown by 55 percent to 40 percent—but it defined a position they have had to live with ever since. This year, Democratic politicians obscured their position by referring to illegals simply as "immigrants."

Davis strategists anticipated high conservative turnout. The way to win, they decided, was to boost the flagging Latino vote. A desperate Davis announced he would sign the driver's license bill. Call it his last mistake.

When he was elected governor in 1998, Gray Davis tried to straddle the 187 divide. Davis had opposed the measure when it was on the ballot, but he didn't want to be seen as thwarting the will of California voters. After the courts gutted the measure, Davis tried to craft a judicial compromise. This outraged Lt. Gov. Cruz Bustamante, who denounced Davis. Thus began the rift that would prompt Bustamante to run in the recall election, despite party solons' efforts to keep Democratic officeholders out of the race.

Meanwhile, energized Latino Democrats started producing bills to help "undocumented" immigrants. Again Davis tried to appease the Latino corner without provoking anger from the majority. In his first term, Davis signed a bill that gave an in-state tuition tax break to illegal immigrants attending California colleges and universities, but he twice vetoed bills to allow illegal immigrants to obtain drivers' licenses.

The license vetoes hurt Davis with the Latino caucus. The Democrats' opposition to Prop. 187 had transformed the party. Under Wilson, many Latino legislators—including Bustamante—had supported a measure that required driver's license applicants to show proof of citizenship or legal residency. Now, Democrats were demanding that such laws be overturned—or else. Team Davis attributed a drop in his support from Latinos—an estimated 400,000 fewer Latinos showed up at the polls to vote for Davis in 2002 than in 1998—to his driver's license vetoes.

Enter the recall. Davis strategists rightly anticipated high conservative turnout. The way to win, they decided, was to energize the party's base and boost the flagging Latino vote. A desperate Davis announced that he would sign SB 60, a driver's license bill then up for consideration in the legislature. Call it his last mistake.

It hit every Davis sore point. Davis had vetoed similar bills on the grounds that they required no background checks on those applying for America's gateway document. He'd noted that "a driver's license was in the hands of terrorists who attacked America" on September 11. He also feared lest the state give legitimacy to escaped criminals.

Facing political extinction, however, Davis was ready to sign on the dotted line—and, he let it be known, he would sign unconditionally, even

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without a background-check provision. Davis faced a recall because voters suspected that he would sell them out to save his own sorry skin. And he had just confirmed it.

It was a move, according to the *Los Angeles Times* poll, to which 38 percent of Latino voters were strongly opposed, while nearly three quarters of state voters overall disapproved. So the message was wrong, and the math was wrong.

But California Democratic party chairman Art Torres couldn't see it. He repeatedly tried to undermine Schwarzenegger by reminding voters of the actor's ties to Wilson, the evil purveyor of Prop. 187. As Wilson noted on election night, Schwarzenegger's overwhelming victory proved that he and 187 are good politics.

Shameless pandering to Latinos failed to pay off. Yes, Latino turnout grew, but Latinos didn't behave as a monolith. While Torres and other Democrats thought they owned the Latino vote, only 54 percent of Latinos voted against the recall; only 52 percent voted for Bustamante.

And while newspapers were suggesting that support for Prop. 187 might hurt Schwarzenegger, it was Bustamante who tanked, with a mere 32 percent of the vote in a state that has 44 percent Democratic registration.

Bustamante began the race refusing to distance himself from MEChA, a radical student organization that proposes Latino separation. At the first candidates' debate, when asked if there were a single state benefit that he would deny to illegal immigrants, Bustamante didn't name one. Later, in answer to the same question, Bustamante told the *San Francisco Chronicle* editorial board that he would deny illegals the right to vote and passports—that was it.

As pollster Frank Luntz told me at a pre-election press conference for his client Arnold Schwarzenegger, when Davis signed SB 60, "That was the beginning of the end of Cruz Bustamante." ♦

Saddam's Real Strategy

The Kay Report suggests he had one, and it almost worked. BY TOD LINDBERG

DAVID KAY'S interim report on the investigation into Saddam Hussein's weapons programs leaves open as many questions as it answers. Exactly what was underway and at what stage of development is still unknown. But it does establish to a certainty the critical point that Saddam had every intention of reconstituting chemical, biological, and nuclear programs as soon as he could. And this, in turn, allows us to bring some informed speculation to bear on what has been one of the great puzzles of the war: What *was* Saddam Hussein's strategy?

The problem begins with this obvious paradox: If Saddam didn't have weapons of mass destruction, why not simply demonstrate that he had no weapons of mass destruction? Some have maintained that such a move would not have spared him from a Bush administration determined to change the regime. But this is speculative and, I think, far-fetched. As Secretary of State Colin Powell pointed out in his February 5 presentation to the United Nations Security Council, we know what cooperation on disarmament looks like—from, among others, the example of South Africa's dismantling of its nuclear program. If Saddam had moved forward in such a fashion, U.N. chief weapons inspector Hans Blix would have hailed him for the candor of the declaration he was required to file and for his cooperation with inspectors. Under those circumstances, the United States could not have gone to war. U.N. Security Council Resolution 1441 offered a "final opportunity" to comply and disarm; had Saddam conspicuously seized it, disappointment among hawks would have been great, but the muscular doves would have won the day with the assertion that the international community had finally become credible to Saddam by backing up its demands with the threat to use force.

In the event Saddam had no WMD, he could have stayed in power by proving it. Why, then, would he be unwilling to do so? Writing in the May 11 *Washington Post*, Michael Schrage of the Security Studies Program at MIT proposed a novel explanation: Saddam was pursuing a strategy of ambiguity. He was insisting to the United Nations and others that he had no weapons while continuing to act as if he did have them. The idea was to obtain the benefits of WMD—namely, fear and respect for him and his regime—without overtly declaring them, which might precipitate military action against him. But he need not actually possess the weapons in order to create the impression that he possessed the weapons. And to the extent that actual possession makes detection easier and "serious consequences" more likely, perhaps he concluded that it was better to forgo the real thing in favor of a veneer of impression.

If this was his calculation, he miscalculated very badly. The United States and Great Britain were, in fact, prepared to topple him on the basis of the impression he created about his possession of weapons. So this theory is not much of an improvement over

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the proposition that he lost his country simply because he was a fool, having disarmed and then failed to demonstrate that he had disarmed.

What the report from Kay's Iraq Survey Group introduces into the equation is the element of time. The long-established consensus leading up to the war was that Saddam continued to possess weapons of mass destruction in significant quantities. The war and its immediate aftermath demonstrated that he did not possess such weapons in anything like the quantity imagined—possibly at all. We are therefore tempted to leap to an entirely unwarranted conclusion: that because he didn't possess significant quantities of WMD before the war we just fought, he therefore did not seek to possess WMD and would not in the future possess WMD.

The hindsight, left-wing case against the war rests entirely on this erroneous inference. Now much-repeated is the antiwar charge that Saddam was not an "imminent threat." This has tempted supporters of the war and Bush defenders to point out that the administration did not rest its case for war on the imminence of the threat, which the president described as "gathering." But even this defense gives too much ground to the critics.

To say in light of the failure to find WMD that the threat was not "imminent" is actually a roundabout way of claiming that there was no threat. Before the war, on the basis of what the president and the administration actually said, responsible antiwar opinion held that since the threat was not imminent, the war was optional and therefore harder (some would say impossible) to justify. Now, based on exactly the same conditions—that the threat was not imminent, here presented as a breathless revelation instead of the commonplace it was beforehand—we are urged to the conclusion that the war was wicked, stupid, and useless. This is plausible only if the absence of WMD is taken to prove that Saddam didn't want WMD. Those making this claim aren't quite candid enough to state their argument plainly: They don't believe that Saddam Hussein's Iraq was a threat at all.

And this is the notion that the Kay report so effectively debunks. For it is entirely plausible that Saddam might not want WMD one day while at the same time planning for the day he would want them. In fact, it's the only thing to date that makes much sense of Saddam's overall strategy (which is hard to puzzle out not least because, manifestly, it did not work).

What Kay reports, based on extensive interviews with officials and scientists of the Saddam regime, is widespread uncertainty about the current condition of WMD programs along with a great deal of agreement, some of it based on direct communications with Saddam and his sons, that he had every intention of ramping up his nuclear, chemical, and biological programs as soon as he was able to do so.

It is not unreasonable to speculate that he saw the U.N. sanctions regime in place for more than a decade as the chief obstacle to his ambitions—and one that might soon be removed. Support for the continuation of the sanctions was eroding in the Security Council in the years before 9/11. Both Russia and France were known to favor a loosening of the sanctions (and thereby the advance of the effective date of oil-related contracts they had signed with Iraq).

It seems likely that, before 9/11, Saddam was prepared to outwait the sanctions regime—and indeed, not long before that date, Secretary Powell had proposed a new regimen of "smart sanctions" as a way of heading off U.N. pressure to lift sanctions altogether. From a pre-9/11 perspective, Saddam might reasonably have concluded that Americans, too, were tiring of the rigors of containment—what Clinton national security adviser Sandy Berger once likened to a game of "whack-a-mole."

A more active component of such a strategy would be for Saddam to plan for the eventual readmission of weapons inspectors into Iraq—and to use the inspectors as the means by which to ensure the lifting of sanctions. Of course, to achieve this result, Saddam would need the inspectors to report to the Security Council that they were unable to find weapons of mass destruction or ongoing research and development programs. To that end, he might have found it highly prudent to defer such programs. If weapons stocks remained, they might go into the deep freeze (surely, they would not be deployed at the level of combat units, as indeed they were not). Ongoing programs might be confined to the civilian side of potentially justifiable "dual-use" applications. Saddam might, in short, pursue a "breakout" capability for implementation when the time was right. Kay's report describes many activities that are consistent with this interpretation.

But perhaps the game is a little more complicated than that. Suppose

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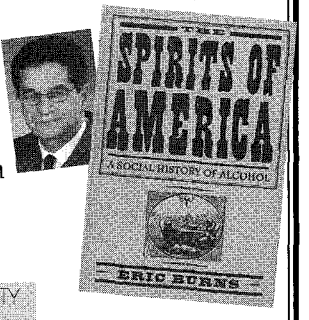

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inspectors, based on intelligence reports, arrive at suspected WMD sites only to find sand. Would this not begin, over time, to look like a decision by Iraq to eliminate programs? An August 28 report in the *Los Angeles Times* described the suspicion in U.S. intelligence circles that they'd been had: that Saddam had used double-agent defectors to plant false stories about WMD sites and programs. Kay buttresses this conclusion.

But why would Saddam do that? Wouldn't it be dangerous, inviting the United States to draw precisely the conclusion that it did?

Yes and no. These efforts were clearly underway well before 9/11, which was the point at which the Bush administration began thinking with a new sense of urgency about the long-term threat Saddam posed. It seems likely that Saddam thought he had more time—time to lay the groundwork for inspectors, once reintroduced, to look for and find nothing. It is possible that Saddam was planning the eventual readmission of inspectors in a fashion that would suggest broad-based cooperation—but that the United States and the Security Council, by moving ahead with 1441, rushed him. This accordingly made his acceptance of resumed inspections look coerced and caused the declaration he filed with the United Nations to be met with suspicion, to put it mildly. Suppose, in a scenario in which 9/11 never happened, Saddam at some point had "voluntarily" offered to readmit inspectors and offered up the same multiple thousands of pages of documents. Suppose, further, that inspectors went where they had been led to expect to find weapons and found nothing. Wouldn't Saddam's chances of escaping the sanctions regime have been pretty good?

One of the direst warnings from opponents of the war was that faced with invasion, loss of power, and perhaps death, Saddam would unleash chemical weapons against U.S. and other coalition forces (and perhaps Israel). He would have nothing to lose. This was a reason not to go to war: We might be provoking the very attack we had gone to war in order to prevent.

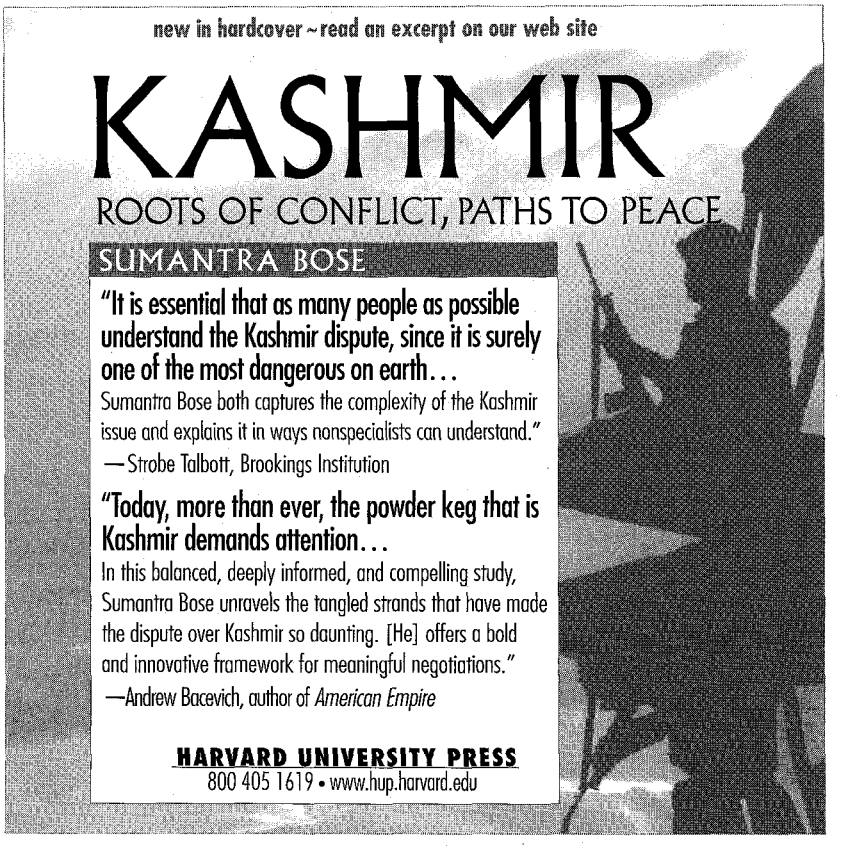
We should therefore wait—and continue with the inspections for some period of time. The paradox here is that over time, the inspectors would have found the conclusion that Saddam possessed no proscribed weapons or WMD programs increasingly hard to resist—because, in point of fact, he had very little. The very day the inspectors pronounced him clean and the Security Council lifted sanctions, Saddam would be free to resume his programs—as he fully intended, according to statements Kay attributes to key officials and scientists.

Some, for example Fred Kaplan writing in *Slate*, have argued that the Kay report shows the sanctions and inspections regime worked: Sanctions made it impossible for Saddam to develop weapons of mass destruction. Presumably, had they continued indefinitely, Saddam would have remained contained.

This is fanciful. The Kay report in no way suggests that it was *impossible* for Saddam to produce chemical or biological weapons (nuclear is another story). It suggests that Saddam *decided* not to produce them. The *purpose* of the decision was to try to get the sanctions lifted. Long ago, Saddam apparently launched a disinformation campaign to further this end. And once sanctions ended, his *intention* was to relaunch his WMD programs.

If, somehow, a renewed inspections regime failed to clear him and sanctions remained in place, it seems clear that Saddam could have reversed his decision and resumed his covert programs. By Kay's account, much of the means to do so (chiefly in the form of dual-use equipment) was already on hand.

Saddam was not deterred; he was trying to create the impression he was deterred by laying the groundwork to prove that claims he was undeterred were false. Absent 9/11, he would likely have gotten away with it. ♦



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One Nation, Two Passports

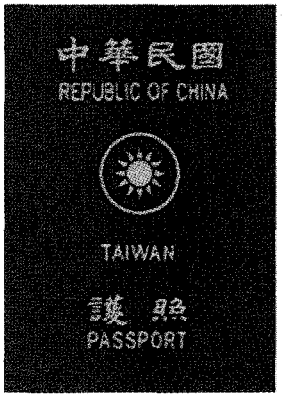
Taiwan edges closer to independence.

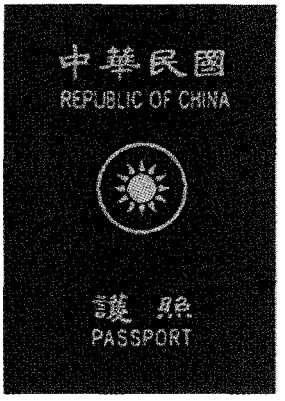
BY DAVID DEVOSS

Taipei, Taiwan

TING TAI FUNG on fashionable Hsin-I Road is the hottest new restaurant in Taipei. Its specialty is Shanghai dumplings made by photogenic chefs who labor in a glass-walled kitchen. Spend a few minutes eavesdropping on the café's upwardly mobile customers, however, and you'll hear people talking, not about the shrimp and pork shao-mai, but of a new name for their homeland.

Early last month, 150,000 people took to the streets of Taipei in the largest demonstration ever held in the city. Led by former president Lee Teng-hui, the crowd called for all government agencies, organizations, and joint ventures to replace the word "China" in their legal name with "Taiwan." Lending credibility to the cause was the country's State Department, which immediately began issuing new passports with "Taiwan" as well as "Republic of China" on the cover.





The proposed change has alarmed the Chinese Nationalist party, or Kuomintang, which represents the interests of the four million Chinese who fled to Taiwan following the Communists' defeat of Chiang Kai-shek in 1949. Like the Chinese Communist party in Beijing, the KMT subscribes to the "One China" policy.

Last week, however, the KMT's outrage turned to apoplexy when Taiwan's current president, Chen Shui-bian of the ruling Democratic Progressive party, proposed a referendum that would pave the way for a new constitution in 2006. "It is an irreversible path for Taiwan to continue with its democratization," Chen told a group of cheering supporters. "You all must serve as the midwives for the birth of Taiwan's new constitution."

Though Chen never mentioned independence specifically, opposition parties assume he wants the new document to enshrine the island's status as a nation independent of China.

Creating an independent Republic of Taiwan pleases Taiwanese nationalists, who already consider their island of 22 million to be a successful independent country. Gaining recognition as a country could lead to full membership in global organizations like the World Health Organization and the World Trade Organization, where the Republic of China now has observer status alongside organizations like the PLO and International Red Cross. "We no longer identify ourselves as the Republic of China," says legislator and Oberlin College graduate Hsiao Bi-khim, who heads the party's Department of International Affairs. "We are Taiwanese. We're tired of being confused with citizens of the People's Republic of China."

The status quo, however, does have some benefits. Most Taiwanese businessmen have prospered. More than 500,000 Taiwanese now work in Shanghai. Eleven percent of China's exports are produced in factories owned and operated by Taiwanese. Indeed, Taiwan dominates mainland China's information technology industry, accounting for 68 percent of its exports. "China is not our enemy," says Justin Chou, a Cornell Ph.D. who serves on the KMT's Central Committee. "China's economic growth is a win-win situation for people on both sides of the Strait. The KMT supports the One China policy, but believes unification must wait until China is fully democratic."

U.S. diplomats, who work out of an "institute" rather than an embassy, oppose the creation of a Republic of Taiwan, believing it could start a series of unintended consequences leading to war. With Islamic militants taking over large patches of Indonesia and the Philippines, and increasing belligerence shown by North Korea, the last thing Washington needs is additional tension along the China coast.

"The U.S. wants a peaceful resolution of the cross-strait relationship," says Richard Vuylsteke, executive director of the American Chamber of Commerce in Taipei. "Independence may not be an option at this point," he adds. "Now that communism no longer is a unifying ideology, nationalism and economic development are the only things holding China together. If Taiwan, an island full of ethnic Chinese, breaks away, Beijing rightly believes Xinjiang and Tibet, which both have substantial minority populations, could follow."

The Democratic Progressive party's push for independence has its risks, but the status quo has brought, along with some benefits, much stagnation. Only a small percentage of the profits earned by Taiwanese companies

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on the mainland are repatriated because the businesses tend to be controlled by offshore corporations. Over the past decade, Taiwanese investors have poured $100 billion into China. Meanwhile gross domestic investment in Taiwan has fallen 25 percent since 2000. The trend will likely continue as more Taiwanese companies move manufacturing operations to the mainland.

Foreign investors routinely choose China over Taiwan because of lower labor costs, government stability, and the absence of environmental regulation. China received more than $56 billion in direct foreign investment last year while Taiwan attracted only $3.3 billion. The country hopes an increase in tourism will boost the economy, but attracting foreign money will be difficult since little English is spoken outside tourist hotels. For the present, Taipei has all of the traffic but little of the excitement found along Shanghai's Nanjing Road or the central district of Hong Kong.

Despite these dismal economic trends, Taiwan paused last week to celebrate its October 10 Independence Day. The elaborate "Double Ten" parade down Chungching Road attracts thousands of spectators. But perhaps the most notable feature of any Taiwanese crowd is its sexual imbalance. Men generally appear to outnumber women by 2 to 1; this stems from the fact that the rural areas of Taiwan are running short of girls.

On both sides of the Taiwan Strait there's a preference for male heirs. Mainland Chinese call it the "Little King Syndrome." Praise and presents are lavished on boys, while female births often end in infanticide. On Taiwan, abortions have skewed the island's demographics to the point that only two girls are born for every three boys.

An obvious consequence is that when the little king passes puberty, he discovers that the girl he liked in high school has gone to USC, probably never to return, while those who remain are being snapped up by other men.

To ease the gender gap, Taiwanese men import brides from the mainland. Unfortunately, these women are outnumbered by those smuggled into the country illegally, who, in exchange for $10,000, can legalize their status with marriages of convenience, then head for the brothels to earn real money. These bogus nuptials are difficult to detect since many Taiwanese men hop between marriages until they find a woman who can bear them a son.

Believing many of the mainland brides to be spies, the government

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plans to extend from 8 to 11 years the amount of time a woman must live in Taiwan before she receives permanent residency and permission to work. This has enraged legal brides stuck in the sticks who entered the country only to discover their new husbands were elderly peasants. Unable to distinguish between working girls and disillusioned wives, the government has declared all Chinese spouses to be security risks. Unfortunately, this is the only issue on which Taiwan's political parties agree. ♦

No Mercy in Florida

The horrifying case of Terri Schiavo, and what it portends. BY WESLEY J. SMITH

AT 2:00 P.M. on October 15, 2003, Terri Schiavo's feeding tube is to be removed, after which she will slowly dehydrate to death. This is to be done at the request of her husband, Michael Schiavo, and at the order of Judge George W. Greer of the Sixth Judicial Circuit, in Clearwater, Florida. If the order is carried out, Terri will die over a period of 10 to 14 days.

The Schiavo case is only the most recent "food and fluids" case to make national headlines, after Nancy Cruzan (Missouri), Michael Martin (Michigan), and Robert Wendland (California). But Terri's case has gone a step beyond all the rest: Not only are Michael Schiavo's conflicts of interest so blatant that he should be allowed no say over her care, but Terri is also being denied rehabilitative therapy that several doctors and therapists have testified could wean her off the feeding tube.

Terri Schiavo collapsed from unknown causes in 1990 and experienced a devastating brain injury. Michael brought a medical malpractice case in which he promised the jury that he would provide Terri with rehabilitation and care for her for the rest of his life. The jury in 1993 awarded $1.3 million in damages, approximately $750,000 of which was set aside to pay for her care and rehabilitation. But once the money was in the bank, Michael refused to provide Terri with any rehab. Moreover, within months, he had a do-not-resuscitate order placed on her chart.

Had she died then, Michael would have inherited all the money. But he denies having a venal motive, claiming that the trust fund money is now exhausted. If true, this is bitterly ironic. For the past three years he has been in litigation, opposed by Terri's parents and her other relatives. Rather than the funds going to pay for medical therapists to help her, as the jury intended, much of it instead paid lawyers that Michael retained to obtain the court order to end her care.

Michael's second conflict of interest is deeply personal. He is engaged to be married and has had a baby with his fiancée, with another one on the way. The couple would like to marry, but Michael's wife, inconveniently, is still alive.

Judge Greer ordered Terri dehydrated based on dubious testimony from Michael, his brother, and his brother's wife that Terri told them she did not want to be hooked up to tubes—something he never told the malpractice jury when he sought a financial award. To the contrary, the malpractice jury was told that Terri could expect a normal lifespan.

Whatever Terri said or did not say, she certainly never asked to be denied the very treatment that might allow her to eat without medical assistance. Yet, in the ultimate injustice, Judge Greer refuses to permit Terri to receive rehabilitative therapy that could help her relearn to eat by mouth, even though several doctors and therapists have testified under penalty of perjury that she is a good candidate for tube weaning.

True, experts hired by Michael disagree. But so what? This isn't a case where we have to believe one side's medical experts or the other's. The issue can be decided empirically by providing Terri with six months of therapy to see if she improves. But Judge Greer, in a decision that elevated procedure over justice, won't do that because, he ruled, it would mean retrying the case.

In that unreasonable denial, it looked as if Greer might have crossed a crucial line. St. Petersburg attorney Pat Anderson, who represents Terri's blood family, believed that denying food and water *and* potentially rehabilitative therapy that could have made the feeding tube unnecessary, reeked of discrimination against the disabled. She filed a civil rights lawsuit seeking a federal injunction against the dehydration. Adding to the suit's potential legal heft and credibility: Florida governor Jeb Bush dramatically signed on to the federal case, urging the court in an amicus brief to prevent Terri's dehydration until she received treatment to determine whether she could relearn to take food and water by mouth. But once again, the law turned its back on her. U.S. District Court Judge Richard Lazzara ruled on October 10 that the federal courts had no jurisdiction and dismissed the case.

People are often shocked at how Terri has been treated as somehow less than a fully human person by the legal and medical experts who are determined to see her dead. They shouldn't be. This case illustrates how utterly vulnerable people with profound cognitive disabilities have become in this

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country. Not only are many routinely dehydrated to death—both the conscious and unconscious—but often the people making decisions to stop food and water, like Michael, have glaring conflicts of interest.

Some of the worst such conflicts come not from family members but from a medical establishment eager to remedy the chronic shortage of organ donors. The literature is brimming with advocacy that death be "redefined" to include a diagnosis of permanent unconsciousness. An article just published in *Critical Care Medicine*, the journal for doctors who specialize in treating the most seriously ill and injured patients, urges the adoption of an even more radical policy. Drs. Robert D. Troug and Walter M. Robinson, from Harvard Medical School and the Medical Intensive Care Unit at Children's Hospital, Boston, want to discard the "dead donor rule" requiring that vital organ donors die before their organs can be procured, writing: "We propose that individuals who desire to donate their organs and who are either neurologically devastated or imminently dying should be allowed to donate their organs, without first being declared dead."

The authors urge that the relevant question about organ donors should be changed from the current query—is the patient dead?—to, "Are the harms of removing life-sustaining organs sufficiently small that patients or surrogates [e.g., Michael Schiavo] should be allowed to consent to donation?" This is a prescription for moral freefall. Not only do the authors strongly imply that some of us have less value than others but that those so denigrated can be killed for utilitarian ends.

Troug and Robinson attempt to justify their homicidal proposal by claiming that we already take the organs of those declared brain dead but that such patients are really alive. I don't believe this is true, assuming proper diagnosis. But if I am wrong, it is a scandal of the highest order, for it means that society was sold a bill of goods about brain death by bioethicists and organ transplant professionals.

The answer to such a moral travesty would not be to expand medical homicide beyond patients who have suffered a total cessation of brain activity. Rather, it would be to permit doctors to procure organs only from donors who have been declared dead in the traditional manner; because their hearts have ceased beating without hope of restarting.

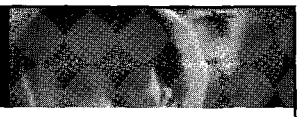
Advocacy in *Critical Care Medicine* for discarding the dead donor rule follows on the heels of the Ethics Committee of the Society of Critical Care Medicine's advocacy for legalizing "futile care theory," which would permit doctors to refuse *wanted* life-sustaining treatment—including "low tech" treatments such as antibiotics—based on the doctor's perception of the "quality" of the patient's life. "Given finite resources," the Ethics Committee stated in 1997, "institutional providers should define what constitutes inadvisable treatment and determine when such treatment will not be sustained."

This plan is currently being implemented. Medical and bioethics journals have reported in recent years that futile care protocols are being adopted quietly by hospitals throughout the country.

The Schiavo case has drawn attention only because her family is in profound disagreement about the care she should receive. If futile care theory takes hold, we may see fewer such cases, if only because the unilateral refusal of treatment will quietly take place without anyone speaking up for the patient.

The sad truth is, many practitioners of bioethics, medicine, and law no longer believe that people like Terri Schiavo are fully human. As a consequence, these patients are being systematically stripped of their fundamental right to life and, perhaps worse, are increasingly looked upon as mere natural resources whose bodies can be plundered for the benefit of others. If it is true that a nation is judged by the way it treats its most vulnerable citizens, a lot is riding on the Schiavo case. ♦

Defying Genocide



When genocide occurs, children are often targeted for death by perpetrators since they represent the victim group's future. In this special program, **National Public Radio correspondent Scott Simon** hosts a conversation with two heroes who risked their lives to save threatened children:

Simone Weil Lipman, a Jewish relief-organization worker in 1942 who established an elaborate underground rescue network in France that saved hundreds of children during the Holocaust

Damas Gisimba, who during the 1994 genocide in Rwanda turned his orphanage into a clandestine sanctuary for hundreds of children and adults

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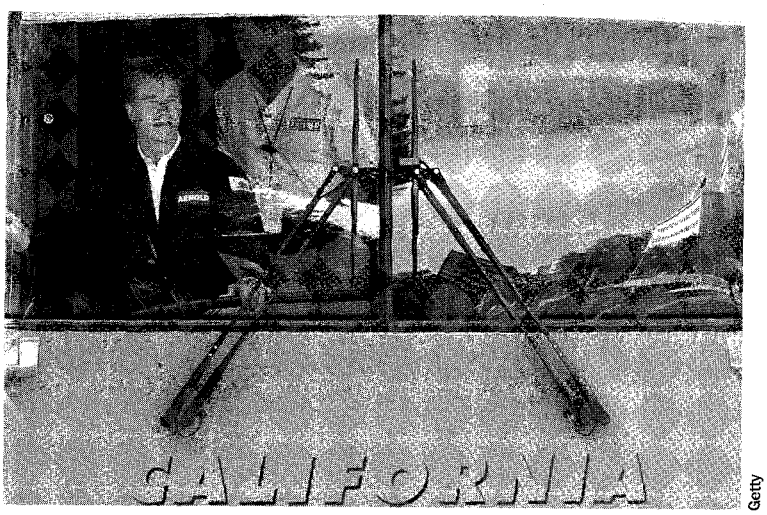
Arnold Über Alles

The wild, final days of the Schwarzenegger campaign.

By Matt Labash

San Diego, Calif.

It seems like only yesterday that I was jetting around California with Arnold Schwarzenegger, enjoying one-on-one access, eating Arnold's food, laughing at Arnold's jokes, choking on Arnold's cigar smoke. In fact, it was a year ago, when Arnold was campaigning for his ballot initiative promoting after-school activities. Back then, he was running a modest little jobs program for former Pete Wilson aides. Now, five days before the 2003 recall election, at the kickoff of his home-stretch bus tour at the San Diego Convention Center, it's apparent that Schwarzenegger has gone Hollywood. There are so many staffers on the ground that it's hard to know who to suck up to.



Getty

Arnold on "the Running Man"

I start with a woman standing by a velvet rope, behind which sit 200 journalists' suitcases. It's a bad call. "I'm just the luggage lady," she says. "I'm a hanger-on. I used to be with [former candidate] Bill Simon." I have better luck with Rob Gluck, a Troy Aikman doppelgänger who describes Schwarzenegger's warp-speed, two-month campaign for governor of California as having to "lay track full speed ahead as fast as we can, trying to get to the Pacific before the train does." Gluck is part of a small but all-powerful clique within the campaign known as the "Murphy Mafia." It's a reference to their leader, Mike Murphy, the evil genius behind John McCain's presidential bid. Three years ago, Murphy launched McCain's Straight Talk Express, the rolling cocktail party in which journalists engaged in back-slapping, glad-handing, and finally tearful goodbyes with the candidate. Now, Murphy has launched what will be nicknamed the No Talk Express—in which he invites hundreds of access-starved journos along for the ride, then essentially tells them to buzz off.

It's not a dumb strategy, considering the circumstances. There are some days in the campaign business when it would be easiest for an aide to wake up, put on her best dress, then step in front of a bus. Today in Arnold World is one of those days. The morning sees charges that Schwarzenegger is an ass-grabbing lout. By evening, he'll stand accused of loving Adolf Hitler. As one colleague puts it, "Any day spent on the trail talking about Adolf Hitler is not a good day."

The *Los Angeles Times* kicks things off with a morning story in which six different women allege Arnold's non-consensual touching. While four of the six remain unnamed, and none has filed legal action, the *Times* claims that even if their story smells like a ninth-inning political black-bag job, none of Schwarzenegger's opponents helped the paper find the women. The charges involve several breast-grabs, a hand-under-the-skirt buttock clinch, an elevator groping, a simulated sex act, and several mature-language propositions too clinical to replicate here. These charges, and some that follow them, are enough to convince me—someone who likes Arnold, thinks he's utterly charming, deceptively smart, and a charismatic leader—to rethink my drink. Now, I'm quite prepared to believe that despite his good qualities, he's additionally a big creep, to borrow a coinage.

But critical thinking isn't in evidence at the conven-

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tion center during Schwarzenegger's final-swing kickoff rally. Outside the building, Christian schoolgirls who say they're slightly troubled that Arnold is "pro-abortion," still squeal like he's the lost Backstreet Boy and wear pro-Arnold bumper stickers on the perky derrieres of their jeans (not a visual the campaign desires today). When I charge into a cluster of stageside Arnold supporters, some of whom are holding "Remarkable Women Join Arnold" signs, and ask them about the charges, they are uniformly dismissive: "It's just the usual dirt they dredge up before an election. . . . It's a bunch of hooey. . . . You got to do something while you're in an elevator. . . . The Hollywood agenda is just different than what we're used to."

Schwarzenegger takes the stage to raucous applause. Even at his age (56), his face and body look chiseled from sheet-rock, never mind that the hair and overly taut skin are a tint not found in nature, the color of an apricot Fruit Roll-up. He sounds all his usual campaign themes about rescinding the car tax, reforming workers' compensation. He delivers his money lines: "Gray Davis has terminated jobs! Gray Davis has terminated opportunities! Now it is time that we terminate him!" And he delivers the money lines of others: "We are mad as hell and we're not going to take it anymore!" Of the morning papers, he says that "the people of Cal-eee-for-nee-ah can see through this trash politics."

But then he admits that it is true he has "behaved badly" sometimes. The crowd titters, expecting him to let himself off the hook, possibly with one of his corny movie one-liners, like "Game Ov-ahhh" or "Milk is for babies." But instead, he goes earnest, saying that on movie sets, he may have done things that he thought then were "playful," but that "now I recognize that I offended people." To them, he says, "I'm deeply sorry about dat, and I apologize." If elected, "I will be a champion for da women. I hope dat dey will give me the chance to prove dat."

It's a remarkable moment, even by the standards of the Remarkable Women for Arnold. Except it serves as a Rorschach test. To Arnold supporters, it's a heartfelt apology, a tidy way to put an end to something ugly before it begins. To journalists, it's waving the red cape. With a general apology, he has tacitly admitted specifics, meaning that Topic A for the rest of the election won't be the economy, or offshore drilling, or other things we couldn't care less about.

He concludes the speech with his signature "I'll be back," which makes little sense in this context but pleases the crowd anyway. Then Arnold's tour bus, which looks like it was spray-painted by Leni Riefenstahl, as the entire side bears Arnold's oversized Aryan mug looking off beatifically into the middle distance, drives up behind the stage. The crowd nearly keels over from excitement. As the arena is filled with his theme song, Twisted Sister's "We're Not Gonna Take It," Arnold boards the bus, hangs out the door, and shoots thumbs-up to everyone. The bus does a racetrack pattern around the now stampeding crowd before taking off out the back of the arena.

Reporters take off after him, hurriedly mounting our buses. All the buses on the tour are named after Arnold movies. His own tricked-out coach is "The Running Man," while his slightly less elaborate VIP bus is "Total Recall" (get it?). The wags in Arnold's press shop titled the media buses "Predator 1-4." But we get the last laugh. In light of the new allegations, we call them "Sexual Predator 1-4."

I'm initially assigned to Bus 2, which in the social pecking order ranks behind Bus 1 (TV anchors, big-circulation print reporters, favored California press) and ahead of Buses 3 and 4 (technical people and leftover foreign press, respectively). Bus 4, Gluck tells me, "is like that room in *Animal House*" where all the uncool kids kept getting steered." Foreign reporters, the campaign constantly reminds us, won't get Arnold any votes in California.

My bus is initially acceptable. Our "bus captain," Patrick Dorinson, a former flack for a failing energy company, does a flawless Arianna Huffington impression, which he regularly treats us to over the PA system: "Oooo, sir! That's such a good idea. Let's have a hand for ze man vith ze good idea! I'm going to put that idea in my new constitution." I take a seat next to some Japanese TV people, who do their best to communicate with me in Godzilla-movie English. An Asahi TV producer tells me Arnold is big in Japan, where he does Cup O' Noodles soup and energy-drink commercials. He says they call him "Schwa-Chan," which loosely translates as "childish boy." Since it is fairly clear early on that access to Arnold will be next to nil, journalists interview other journalists from foreign countries. When my seatmate's colleague starts interviewing the French documentary crew in front of me, the producer feels compelled to quickly get his face out of the shot. He dives into my lap, barking orders in Japanese which are muffled in my crotch. It leaves me with steely resolve to get off this bus and make it onto Sexual Predator 1.

At the next stop, the Orange County Fairgrounds, it's a homer conservative crowd. But still, the freaks are out in force at presidential-campaign levels of weirdness. A man with two gold teeth in an otherwise toothless mouth stalks the grounds yelling "Free Tommy Chong!" An elderly Vietnamese albino in a flowing ceremonial robe walks around pumping a pro-Arnold sign but speaks no English. I fall in with Alan Schwartz, an audio-visual technician in a Triumph motorcycle jacket.

He's a Democrat who's come to torment Arnold over

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Getty / Justin Sullivan

With Twisted Sister's Dee Snider, October 5

the allegations, though even he admits he probably couldn't stomach voting for Gray Davis again. Schwartz holds a visually complicated magic-marker sign that says "GOP, OUI"—that last bit being a reference to an ancient *Oui* magazine article in which Arnold explained his dabbling in group sex. Between the "G" and the first "O," Schwartz inserted a small "R," and after the "P" he added a small "E"—making it "GrOPe" to the eagle-eyed. As Arnold stumps, Schwartz gets a cool reception. Arnold supporters yell at him to take down his sign, to "sit on it," and tell him his "penmanship sucks." Schwartz is convinced he's drawing extra heat because "Oui" is French, and this is a freedom-fries-eating crowd. So he subtly mocks them back. When one befuddled woman reads his sign, Schwartz says, "It's French and subliminal." Yeah, she says, catching on, "it means, 'You're a jackass.'"

As Arnold crescendos, telling the crowd how much more they are paying in car taxes for each specific make and model, Schwartz winces, yelling, "How much is a burger at Planet Hollywood?" (a restaurant chain in which Arnold once owned an interest). But then Schwartz gets upstaged by the big finish. "Let me show you exactly what we are going to do to de car tax when we get to Sacramento," says Arnold. He points to an empty parking lot near the crowd, where a lonely Oldsmobile sits, inscribed with the words "Car Tax." A crane right next to the car crushes it with a wrecking ball. Schwartz is struck dumb.

It's part of the intended effect. Mike Murphy tells me that when he initially talked to Arnold's pyro people about the stunt, the campaign advance guys thought it was "the scariest thing in the world. But to Hollywood stunt guys, blowing up a car is like going to McDonald's," says Murphy. "They said, 'What kind of car?' and 'Do you want anybody in it when it blows up?'" Murphy determined an explosion posed too many safety risks, and "though it broke my heart," he settled for the wrecking ball.

Impressive as it is, however, Hollywood spectacle can't completely inoculate the campaign. On the far end of the parking lot, a media feeding frenzy is underway. A new woman has materialized, claiming that back in 1978 one of Arnold's friends picked her up and pinned her against a wall, while Arnold yelled from his vehicle that he was going to rape her, after which she managed to run away. As we labor to get the details, Schwarzenegger staffers yell that "the buses are leaving." Immediately, they go into debunk mode, and in this case, it's relatively easy, since the woman showed up with a bunch of other women in matching "Working Women Vote" T-shirts. They are affiliated with a union that has vowed to defeat the recall. Whether or not her story is true (the campaign denies this one categorically) we don't have time to tell. The buses are leaving. And our Quiznos sandwiches are getting cold.

In a strange way, the new allegations are a good break for the campaign. It allows them to perfect their elegantly simple defense strategy: Whatever happens, blame Gray Davis or the *Los Angeles Times*. It is a strategy they will employ with nearly every allegation (15 women will come forward in all). The campaign will try out any number of combinations: Blame the *Los Angeles Times* for opening a can of worms too close to the election, blame Gray Davis for unleashing his Democratic henchmen who doubtless supplied the tips to the *Los Angeles Times* (this is never proven), blame the *Times* for not spending enough time blaming Gray Davis (they never, for instance, gave wide play to the *New Times*'s charges that temper-tantrum-throwing Davis physically attacks members of his own staff, women included). The campaign does everything, in fact, but blame Gray Davis for reading the *Los Angeles Times*. And this, it turns out, is a devastatingly effective strategy for two reasons: (a) Voters hate the media, and (b) if there's anything Californians hate more than the media, it's Gray Davis.

The next stop, at Riley Elementary School in San Bernardino, gives them a chance to put their plan into action. The school provides the ideal, scripted setting. Small people of color are everywhere, eager to meet the action star. The backdrop banner has prints of all their little hands, with an inscription thanking "Mr. Schwarzenegger" for promoting after-school programs. The busload of perpetually trailing alternative candidates, who've attempted to crash the scene in order to generate publicity for their own boutique issues like limiting population growth and getting junk food out of public schools, have been cleared from the premises. Reporters wishing to talk to them must reach over a tall chain-link fence to shake their hands or receive their literature. It makes us all feel like extras in some sort of Turkish prison movie.

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Former NFL player and star of the '80s detective show *Hunter* Fred Dryer comes off the VIP bus to warm up the kids by taking questions about Arnold. They ask if he's married, did he really play The Terminator, what time is this going to be over, and can he run for president? "No," says one child, of the Austrian actor, "he can't run for president, he's from Canada."

The kids love Arnold and Arnold loves the kids, and the staff loves Arnold with the kids because kids don't ask questions about women showing up in parking lots claiming that Arnold threatened to rape them. The same can't be said of the big kids on the press bus. The men who must deal with our queries, the conservative versions of *War Room*-era James Carville and George Stephanopoulos, are Arnold spokesmen Rob Stutzman and Todd Harris. They both do their work brilliantly, and if I ever run for office and get accused of being an ass-grabbing Nazi in the final stretch of a campaign, I will hire them without blinking. Stutzman wears white "Join Arnold" golf shirts and is witty, convivial, and downright jolly except when we confront him with new allegations. Then the mercury rises in his face, as he works up a full head of steam about the *L.A. Times*/Gray Davis nexus. He is slowly transformed from a 35-year-old California political consultant into a professional wrestler who's gotten an unfair call and who's about to send the pencil-necked referee careening into the turnbuckle.

Todd Harris, 32, is the second-highest-ranking member of the Murphy Mafia (behind Murphy). He is rumpled and bleary-eyed, with cheese-grater growth and the thousand-yard stare of a campaign aide who has suffered too many box lunches. It doesn't dampen his laconic good humor. He gives his title alternately as "Minister of Truth and Enlightenment" and "First Piece of Meat."

It's in this latter capacity that he is interesting to the press. While we encircle him on the Riley Elementary playground, we ask him exactly zero questions about Arnold's after-school programs. Harris sets about decrying "puke politics," saying that these "ridiculous allegations" bear "the first Democratic fingerprints of union involvement and the Democratic party." When reporters fall back on the morning paper's allegation, which Arnold has not categorically denied and in some ways has admitted, Harris insists that his boss is taking responsibility for what he's done, "in sharp contrast to the way Gray Davis has handled the budget crisis, the energy crisis, and the special-interest crisis." A reporter asks Harris what he thinks the headlines will be tomorrow. "Harris dazzles media with impromptu press conferences," he deadpans. The piranhas are circling and Harris is the chum bag, but he knows how to end a press conference. "There's beer on every bus and it should be cold," he loudly announces.

AFP / Robyn Beck

Vietnamese fans in Orange County

But by the time we get to our hotel in Los Angeles, ABC is moving news that a book proposal by *Pumping Iron* director George Butler has Arnold saying in a 1975 interview that he had admiration for Hitler as a public speaker. It doesn't help Arnold that his father was a Nazi, or that the *New York Times* simultaneously reported that Butler claimed in the proposal that he played "Nazi marching songs, . . . frequently clicked his heels and pretended to be an SS officer." Arnold immediately went on *World News Tonight* to say he remembered none of this, and that he despised Hitler. But the campaign knows we won't be sated, so at the hotel, they arrange a conference call for us with a pool reporter who attended a fundraiser where reporters were allowed to ask a few brief questions of Schwarzenegger.

Staffers and reporters crowd into a conference room to get the play-by-play from Joe Matthews of the *L.A. Times*. As we wait, someone asks Harris what was served at the fundraiser. "I had a little bit more to do today than to worry about whether they served chicken or steak," he replies. Matthews relays both important and ancillary details: Arnold's wife Maria Shriver's expression was "businesslike" while Arnold's was "subdued," "Kenny G walked by," a security guard slammed Matthews's arm in the door, Arnold reported that he'd "misbehaved" and that he didn't "have memory" of many of the alleged incidents. So many incidents had now been alleged that reporters forgot the entire point of the pool—to ask Arnold about Hitler—so Rob Stutzman, Arnold's own staffer, had to ask him what he thought of the Führer. ("I always despised everything Hitler stood for," said Arnold.)

A very long day is winding down. In one corner, I hear a reporter relaying the day's events to his editor ("So then this chick says he threatened to rape her . . . "), while in another corner, TV people are making all kinds of Nazi talk. As I exit the conference room, I overhear one more thing: an Arnold staffer saying, "I want my mom."

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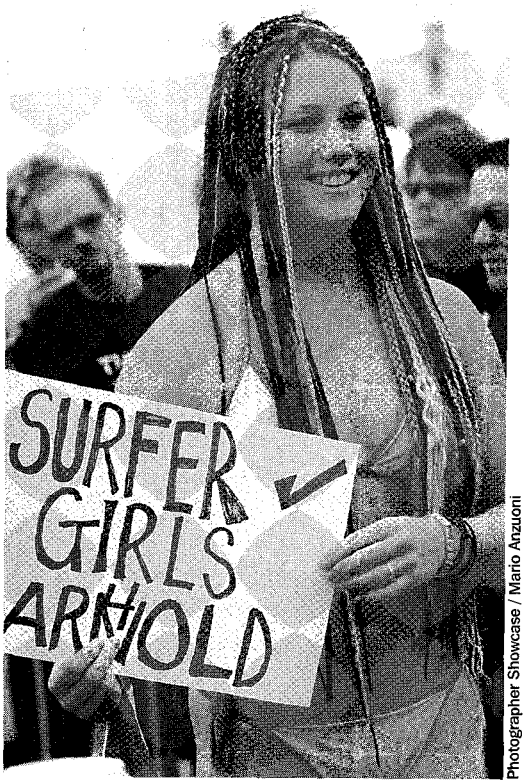

Photographer Showcase / Mario Anzuoni

Huntington Beach, October 6

The next day, at the L.A. Arboretum, Rob Stutzman tells us that their campaign has actually jumped a point or two in the polls, despite the allegations. It's insane, but apparently true. The way some of us figure, if Arnold can get on the trail and goose some Jewish women, they might not even need to have the election: Davis will be forced to concede. But my mind, quite honestly, is on more important things. Today, with Stutzman's help, I will leave behind the Japanese lap-dancer on Bus 2, and I will make it all the way to Sexual Predator 1.

As I suspected, life is better on Bus 1. Snacks taste fresher, beer is colder. While I miss Patrick, the Arianna impersonator, Stutzman and Harris keep up a constant patter, spinning us silly. Harris even shares his best press-secretary-isms. "Okay, this one's my favorite," he says. "Off the record—'yes'; on the record—'no.'" He also provides complimentary air-sickness bags inscribed with a Ghostbuster crossbar through the word "puke politics." The bag contains a foam rubber Sacramento capitol dome and a tin of a substance called "grip goo." I ask what the purpose of the latter is. "None," he says, "it's just fun."

The journos themselves are a lively crew. We receive regular updates from the *New York Post*'s David Li who keeps us plugged into the latest Siegfried and Roy/white-tiger-mauling developments. ("Great news," says David, "Roy lives!") Our unofficial DJ is Adam Housley from Fox, a rangy former college baseball player who's secure enough in his masculinity to spin ABBA CDs on his laptop without buckling to ridicule.

But the bus's MVP has to be the reporter I spy when we cruise into Bakersfield. A crowd, mistaking us for Arnold's bus, greets us with the kind of enthusiasm Jesus would get if He were touring with the reunited Beatles. The reporter on our bus begins banging on the window with both hands, yelling back at them exultantly, "I'M THE MEDIA! YOU LOVE THE MEDIA!" I can't tell if the sinewy, leathered scribe with bandito facial hair is a former outlaw biker or a former pirate, since he looks like the bastard spawn of Sonny Barger and Jean Lafitte. I settle on the former. "What motorcycle magazine does he write for?" I ask one colleague. "The *New York Times*," they reply, "that's Charlie LeDuff."

Part Native-American, part Cajun, LeDuff won a Pulitzer after spending a month in a North Carolina slaughterhouse. Before becoming a journalist at around the age of 30, he did stints as a teacher, a tannery worker, and a bartender. But he seems to have taken to the sport. Like most good reporters, he inspires sources to perform for him because they like him, but also because he keeps them off balance. Throughout the bus tour, Charlie keeps people honest. Once, at a Sacramento bar, he shakes up all the media/staffer chumminess by breaking an empty wine glass on his forehead. ("It's a trick," he tells me later, "the glass is thin up at the top.")

His antics are not only a news-gathering method, but a performance-commentary on the whole preposterous kabuki dance. A mystery woman turns up in Modesto, making vague claims against Arnold, before she is rushed off to a car by a campaign staffer. We all write down her license plate, and LeDuff indicates he's having the plates traced. A few minutes later, on the bus, he acts like he has news when he receives a call. "Here we go, listen," he says urgently, putting his cell phone on speaker. It's one of his friends relating the unspeakable acts he's performed on Schwarzenegger. "I better take this privately," says Charlie.

Another time, in front of the press corps, LeDuff jabs a recorder in Mike Murphy's face and asks, "If Arnold is elected governor, do you vow right now that he will not grope women?" (Murphy feigns choking.) Then there are his fashion choices: bandannas, shorts, and a rival *New York Post* cut-off baseball shirt. But the outfit for which he draws resounding cheers comes when he rolls a pair of pants up to his knees, then parades around as if it's normal. "Why did you do that?" a staffer asks him. "Because of all the *bull*— I got to wade around in here," he replies.

It's guys like Charlie that keep Team Arnold rightly reticent to open up to pack questioning, or to give us print guys much chance to slice and dice and weigh Arnold's every word and gesture. When I complain yet again about lack of access, Murphy explains it thus: "You can't be the chef at Nobu, which in the magazine business is what you guys want to be."

For this reason, we are forced to work out extra hard on Arnold's punching bags, Todd Harris and Rob Stutzman, with often ridiculous results. Here is a typical exchange between a reporter and Stutzman, after we've watched Stutzman escort the Modesto mystery woman to her sister's car, then watched Stutzman get in a car himself and speed away:

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Reporter: Describe what it was like getting in her sister's car.

Stutzman: I didn't get in her sister's car.

Reporter: Whose car was it and can you describe what it was like?

Stutzman: I got into a car with a staffer who drove me to Pleasanton. It smelled like McDonald's.

Because of the near total lack of access to the candidate—unless you're Tom Brokaw or *Entertainment Tonight*—reporters are forced to find their own entertainment. I find mine in Paul Walton, write-in candidate for governor of California. I stumble upon him one night at 1 A.M. as I'm walking through the parking lot of my Fresno hotel. He is holding court and mixing margaritas in a campaign bus as big as Arnold's. The back of his bus is emblazoned with "We're kicking ass," even though he's not. If he had the resources to poll this race, he'd be at zero percent and dropping like a rock.

But like every other candidate, Paul is an optimist. A telecommunications millionaire by the time he was 30, he took 11 years off to see the world, then got back to work as a spa owner in Escondido. Paul is not unlike most of the suckerfish on the Arnold tour (the campaign hacks, the press hacks, the other freak candidates) who are trying to get over on Arnold's publicity. But Paul is more overt about it. His official campaign press badges, which he distributes liberally, are a photo of him and Arnold shoulder to shoulder in tuxedos. It was taken at one of the awards shows he weasels his way into. "I'm an awards show junkie," he says.

Paul is 47 years old, favors expensive double-breasted suits bought at a discount in Bogota, and has the white-bread looks and lulling speech of a midnight-shift, easy-listening DJ. His three "security guys"—Dan, Achilles, and Andre—are all former military, and Andre used to bodyguard for MC Hammer. His bus driver, who pilots his "home on wheels," used to drive for REM. When he shows me the 12 bunks in his fully outfitted bus, he says, "If these bunks could talk, they'd have said a lot more when REM was here."

On this night, however, Paul, who's single, and his crew, have some female companionship. Christina and Crystal's skirts are as short as their hair is platinum, though they've only come back to the bus to give Paul a haircut. Christina, or maybe it was Crystal, works at "The Cutting Edge" in Bakersfield, and I compliment her on her handiwork. "It looks kind of boufy," she says modestly.

Like almost every alternative candidate I meet in this race, Paul is not a traditional freak. No sandwich boards, no fright wigs, no boring pamphlets about Mumia. Like others I meet who have real jobs as structural engineers or hazardous waste removal experts, Paul is just a guy with a dream—someone who wants to live outside himself, to in a sense live Arnold's life. "I see it as a two-man race," he says guilelessly, "That's why I took out my picture with Schwarzenegger. Let the battle begin."

Photographer Showcase / Mario Anzuoni

Huntington Beach, October 6

Paul has spent nearly $50,000 of his own money to keep this crew on the road, and he's not even officially on the ballot. Not wishing to see him cause himself any further financial harm, I tell him he ought to think about dropping out, since the only way he can score Arnold's name recognition is to shoot somebody famous, possibly Arnold. He knows he stands an outside chance of catching Arnold with just a few days remaining, and he doesn't really have much of a platform to speak of, beside spending less on incarceration and more on education (a line that comes in handy when I later watch him try to pick up a girl whose boyfriend is in jail for drunk driving). But one gets the feeling Paul is in it for the pure sense of adventure.

Paul likes to read his *USA Today*—"my Bible"—to find out what's happening not just today, but also tomorrow. Frequently, he flies all over the world to worm his way into important events such as the fall of the Berlin Wall or a peace summit in Jackson Hole. He also likes to read obituaries. "To some people, it sounds morbid," he says. "But for me, it's an uplifting thing to actually read that someone didn't make it through the day. It makes me happier that I'm alive. It trivializes any problem you have, including possibly losing for governor."

Before Paul became a rich guy, he used to teach high school civics. But he decided long ago that it was too boring. "How much more exciting to actually live history and be a part of it," he says. "That's an analogous sense of how I'm living my life. It's like catching the crest of the next wave, and you never know if it's going to take you all the way to shore, or if you're gonna come

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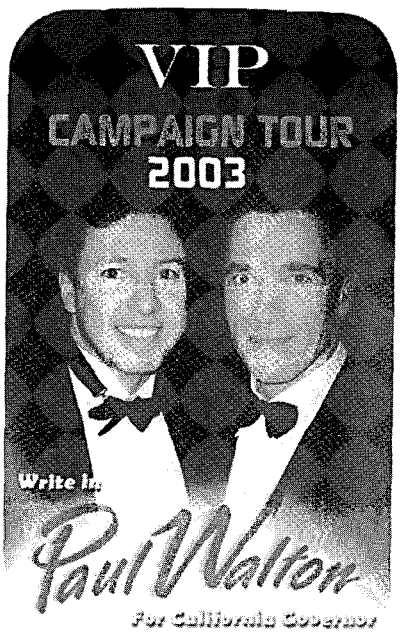
crashing down in the Banzai pipeline, losing life and limb."

It's hard work, living history, as Paul finds out in the next few days. Following Arnold all over the state, he'd planned to challenge him to a debate. (When I point out that Schwarzenegger won't even debate Davis, he responds that Arnold might think he'd lose to Davis, "but maybe he'll think he'll win against me.") Keeping one eye on Arnold, the other on Paul, I run into him again sitting on his bus at a Schwarzenegger rally in Modesto. I try to light a fire under him by telling him he needs to start working voters. There's plenty to work, since Arnold's turned out the crowds. Paul is shy, but he takes my advice and heads down to the rally. But just as it's getting underway, he demurs. He doesn't want to be seen "as some eccentric with a bullhorn. . . . I'll make my stand in Pleasanton," he promises.

In Pleasanton, I never see him. So I call him in between press gaggles on new Arnold bimbo eruptions. In "an ugly new low," Paul alleges, the California Highway Patrol diverted his bus when it came too close to Arnold's "Running Man." "At first, I thought they were giving me a police escort to the Fairgrounds," he says naively. Then he learned the ugly truth. By the time he gets to Sacramento for Arnold's big-finish bus tour rally on the statehouse steps, he is hopping mad, pushing press releases about the incident to reporters, who mostly push them back.



The write-in candidate

As I set out to meet Paul on the morning of the mega-rally (it's nice to have access to *some* candidate), I make my way through our hotel lobby, where a National Federation of the Blind conference is adjourning. Throughout the hall, a flood of visually impaired types are bumping into furniture while probing with their sticks. "Kind of reminds you of voters," says one colleague. Paul first stops by the fringe candidates' microphone stand (over 100 candidates, plus the write-ins, are supposed to share it), but there's no crowd around. So he decides to go campaign in the maw of Arnold madness.

For a Sunday morning political rally, it's quite the spectacle. A large black man runs down the street claiming he's been groped by Arnold. Behind the press risers, feminist groups and pro-lifers join forces against Schwarzenegger, proving that he's a uniter, not a divider. Stutzman is surveying the campaign staff's magnificent handiwork, but he doesn't seem to enjoy it. "Goddamn it," he says. "I'm going to get the bald-spot burn. Middle-life sucks." I decide to hit him up anyway. "Tell me something inside," I say. Stutzman eyes the stage with Dee Snider singing Arnold's theme song, "We're not gonna take it" (a song we've heard so many times that LeDuff now sings "We can't f—ing take it"). "Lip-synch," Stutzman nods.

It's loud as all get-out: the percussive Asian drums, the Chinese paper dragon snaking through the audience, the stylings of "Twisted Sist-ahhhh," as Arnold calls them. But there is one sound that stands out above all others: the sound of irony being lost on people. Every protesting lefty I encounter at the rally, who spent the entire '90s hibernating while the likes of Juanita Broaddrick and Kathleen Willey alleged that Bill Clinton had groped them and worse, thinks Arnold is a beast. Every conservative who spent the '90s playing moral scold, saying that behavior reveals character and that character counts, maintains that Arnold is a victim of dirty tricks and liberal media bias, and ignores charges for which he's apologized.

The Arnold supporters of course outnumber the Arnold detractors about 250 to 1. There are Ranchers for Arnold and Farmers for Arnold, Bikers for Arnold and Immigrants for Arnold. I approach an Arnold staffer, saying, "You guys dropped the ball—no Lepers or Hermaphrodites for Arnold." "No," he says, but we have those, pointing to a sign that says "Iranian American Republican Council For Arnold." LeDuff, who has taken to alternating his bike-messenger wear with crisp jackets and khakis to look more like Arnold's security guys ("I'm making it to the front line," he says giddily), comes and collects me. "C'mon!" he says, "They're going to let the foreign press look at Arnold's empty bus! We can talk our way on."

Two by two, reporters are shepherded through. One British crew actually shut themselves into his bathroom and report, "This is where Arnold takes his 'Terminator 2's." LeDuff is by now in full mockumentary mode, keeping up a running commentary to whoever will listen: "I need to see that toilet, I'm on east coast deadline. . . . I just want to look at it. . . . Do you think it's made of gold?" After 40 minutes in line, it is my turn to walk the empty bus with a BBC camerawoman. But I'm stopped by

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Skip, Arnold's bus driver, who spies the Paul Walton/Arnold lammie that I've taken to wearing out of solidarity with Walton's lost cause. "You just shot yourself in the foot," Skip says. "You're not getting on the bus."

I spend election morning covering the race poolside at the Mondrian Hotel in Los Angeles. I tell my waitress, Mashia, that I should be working the polls, but I've had it with real people. "That's okay," she says, "there's not many of them left out here." I ask her who she voted for. She says she hasn't and she's not going to, because she doesn't really know the issues, and she doesn't think ignorant people should vote. I want to hug her, and not just because she's hot and wearing a sarong.

That night, at the Century Plaza Hotel, the polls have not yet closed, but the celebration is already on. Arianna Impressionist-In-Chief Patrick Dorinson is viewing the night through the eyes of the Greek socialite and erstwhile gubernatorial candidate: "Vell, I think it's a lovely affair, there's just so many people in favor of the recall. I've changed my mind again." Todd Harris sits at a table drinking a light beer, jokingly recounting the path to victory: "It takes a confluence of incredible political skills, brilliant strategy, and pedestrian reporting."

Photographer Showcase / Mario Anzuoni

With wife Maria Shriver, October 6

LeDuff, wearing a black leather motorcycle vest and tie, approaches former candidate Bill Simon, who's telling a television crew what a "good family guy" Arnold is. Charlie points at Simon and asks, "Catholic?" Simon nods in assent. "Catholic," says LeDuff, pointing to himself. "Conservative?" asks LeDuff. Simon says yes. "Conservative," says LeDuff, again pointing to himself. So how is "snatching women" a family value? LeDuff asks Simon.

"There's a saying in our church that goes like this," says Simon. "Forgive the sinner, but not the sin." I pile on, asking Simon if he felt the same way about Clinton.

"Certainly," he says.

Whatever. Tired of being too far away from the action, I put on the staff bracelet that a campaign aide slipped me. I use it to get all the way up on stage during Arnold's acceptance speech, just to prove to myself that I still can. I stand in the hot lights, alongside Arnold and Maria and their supporters. There's director Ivan Reitman and comedian Jay Leno and actor Rob Lowe and professional nutjob Gary Busey. In such close proximity to all the Shrivers, my teeth feel smaller and my hair thinner.

I listen to Arnold thank his fahn-tas-teek wife, and watch them sweep into the wings, to endure another grueling interview with *Access Hollywood*. I take in all the sights: the belching confetti cannons, the balloon drops, the stripper who hops up on stage and gets down to her thong before security practically dive-tackles her. But it feels like something's missing: I have no one to share this spectacularly surreal moment with. And that's when I bump into Paul Walton.

He is overjoyed to see me: "We are unstoppable!" he says. "It doesn't matter where in the world, we're there." I ask how he even got in, let alone all the way up to the stage, without the proper bracelet. He knows the hotel like the back of his hand, he tells me—he comes here for awards shows—and he slipped in with Darrell Issa, the congressman and publicity tapeworm/father-of-the-recall. "He was denied!" Paul says. "He couldn't even get in. He had to find his own way in through a service elevator. Woo-hoo!"

Paul is amped like I've never seen him amped, and he's brought company—a woman named Janet who identifies herself as "Paul's lover when he's in San Diego." He tells me that at the polls that morning, he found his name on the write-in list. It had been wadded up and thrown in the trash, but he got it out, and it "felt wonderful to finally see my name in print, even if it was on a crinkled piece of paper."

I'm ready to head back to press quarters at the bar, but Paul's not quite set to go. "Matt," he asks, "are you right-handed or left-handed?" I tell him I'm right-handed. "Then stand on this side of me," he says, aligning us shoulder to shoulder as we face the blinding lights of the camera crews using the stage for their nightly news backdrop. "One, two, three," he counts, "We're gonna wave." And we do. He then asks Janet to throw some fallen confetti on us, just for the full effect. I feel ridiculous, but not much more than I have all week. "That's what it's all about, I'm really enjoying this," he says, beaming. "If you can't win, at least you can feel like a winner." ♦

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Dick Cheney Was Right

"We don't know" about Saddam and 9/11

By Stephen F. Hayes

On September 14, 2003, *Meet the Press* host Tim Russert asked Vice President Dick Cheney whether Saddam Hussein was involved in the September 11 attacks. Cheney's answer was characteristically straightforward: "We don't know."

The reaction was furious, even by Washington standards. Despite the plain meaning of Cheney's words, critics charged that his response was deceptive, a subterfuge designed to trick dimwitted Americans into supporting a war built on deception.

"By any reasonable standard, that's a lie," wrote columnist Josh Marshall, a frequent but usually thoughtful administration critic. "American intelligence and law enforcement have been investigating the Sept. 11 attacks for more than two years and we haven't found a single shred of evidence tying Saddam or his regime to the plot. Nothing."

On that last point, Marshall is in good company. The president himself said, "We've had no evidence that Saddam Hussein was involved with the September 11 attacks." Maybe the president should have spoken of "proof" rather than "evidence." Either way, Cheney's answer was no "lie." To the contrary, "We don't know" is entirely consistent with the president's assessment and is in reality the more accurate answer to questions about potential Iraqi involvement in September 11. The story of Ahmad Hikmat Shakir is one reason why.

In August 1999, Shakir, an Iraqi in his mid-30s, was offered a job as a "greeter" or "facilitator" at the airport in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. A "facilitator" works for an airline and helps travelers, often dignitaries, with the paperwork required to enter the country. Shakir got the job not because of his vast experience facilitating. He got it because someone in the Iraqi embassy in Malaysia wanted him to have it. He started that fall.

Stephen F. Hayes is a staff writer at The Weekly Standard.

Although Shakir worked for Malaysian Airlines, the Iraqi embassy controlled his schedule—told him when to report to work, when to take a day off. On January 5, 2000, Shakir received an assignment from his embassy contact. He was to escort two recent arrivals through immigration at the airport. Khalid al Midhar and Nawaz al Hamzi—two of the chief September 11 hijackers—had come to Malaysia for an important al Qaeda meeting that would last four days. That gathering would become the focus of the extensive investigation into the planning of the attack on the USS *Cole* on October 12, 2000, and the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon nearly a year later.

According to U.S. intelligence reports, Shakir greeted these two future hijackers at the airport and walked them to a waiting car. But rather than see them off, he jumped in the car with al Midhar and al Hamzi and accompanied them to the Kuala Lumpur Hotel. Malaysian authorities had been tipped off about the al Qaeda summit before it happened and later provided American authorities with photographs and videotapes of the attendees. While U.S. officials can place Shakir at the Kuala Lumpur Hotel with the hijackers, they cannot say for certain whether Shakir participated in the meeting. Also present that day, according to U.S. intelligence reporting, were Ramzi bin al Shibh, the operational chief of the "Holy Tuesday" attacks, as 9/11 was known to the terrorists, and Tawfiz al Atash, a top-ranking bin Laden deputy, later identified as the mastermind of the attack on the USS *Cole*.

The meeting concluded on January 8, 2000. Shakir reported to work at the airport on January 9 and January 10, and then never again. Khalid al Midhar and Nawaz al Hamzi also disappeared, briefly, then flew from Bangkok, Thailand, to Los Angeles on January 15, 2000. Twenty months later, on September 11, 2001, these two men piloted American Airlines Flight 77 into the Pentagon.

Shakir, the Iraqi-born facilitator, would be arrested six days after the September 11 attacks, by authorities in Doha, Qatar. He had raised suspicions because of his activities during the al Qaeda meeting in Kuala Lumpur, but

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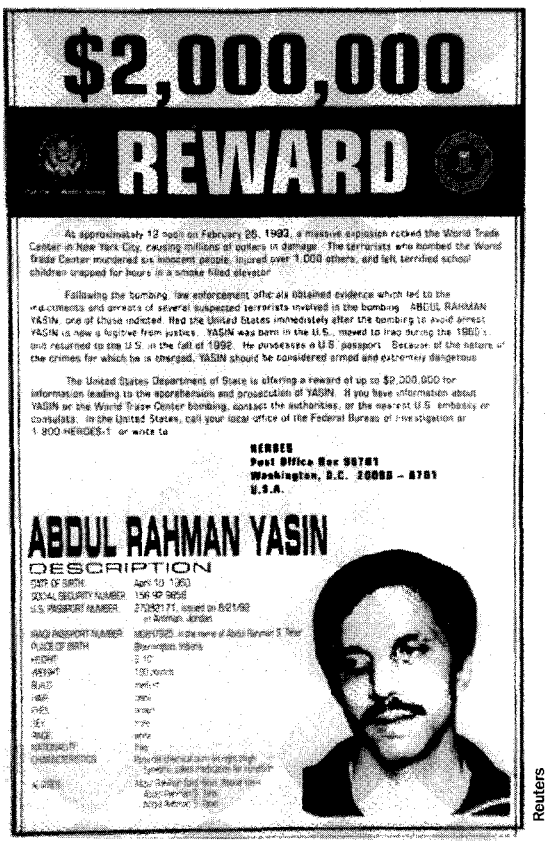
also because in 1993, shortly before the first attack on the World Trade Center, Shakir had received a phone call from the New Jersey safe house that served as the headquarters for that operation.

Shakir's arrest was a gold mine. Authorities found documents—telephone numbers, memos, and contact information—linking him to both the 1993 World Trade Center plot and something called "Operation Bojinka," the 1995 al Qaeda plot to explode 12 airplanes simultaneously over the Pacific Ocean. They found these both "on his person," in CIA-speak, and in a subsequent search of his apartment.

Shakir had contact information for a lot of bad people: One was Ibrahim Suleiman, a Kuwaiti native whose fingerprints were found on the bomb-making manuals authorities allege were used in preparation for the 1993 Trade Center bombing. Suleiman was convicted of perjury and deported to Jordan. Another was Zahid Sheikh Mohammed, brother of Khalid Sheikh Mohammed, the mastermind of the September 11 attacks, now in U.S. custody. And another was Musab Yasin, the brother of convicted 1993 Trade Center bomber Abdul Rahman Yasin. Cheney mentioned Abdul Rahman Yasin in his *Meet the Press* appearance on September 14. According to documents discovered in Iraq after the war, Yasin fled to Baghdad shortly after the 1993 bombing and was given safe haven and financial support by the Iraqi government.

Despite this wealth of information, the Qatari authorities released Shakir, the facilitator, shortly after he was arrested.



Reuters

Yasin had been given refuge in Iraq when the U.S. Attorney's office in New York announced this reward in August 1995.

On October 21, 2001, Shakir flew to Amman, Jordan, where he hoped to board a plane to Baghdad. But authorities in Jordan arrested him for questioning. Shakir was held in a Jordanian prison for three months without being officially charged, prompting Amnesty International to write the Jordanian government seeking an explanation. The CIA questioned Shakir and concluded that he had received extensive training in counter-interrogation techniques. About the same time, the Iraqi government began to pressure Jordanian intelligence to release Shakir. They got their wish on January 28, 2002. He is believed to have returned promptly to Baghdad. (Amnesty International later claimed to have learned that Shakir "had lost weight during his detention and appeared traumatized.")

That this chain of events took place is the consensus view of the U.S. intelligence community. Much of it comes from a classified CIA report on Shakir and his activities over the past decade. Exactly what it means is open to question.

Some intelligence officials believe that the Iraqi embassy employee who got Shakir his airport job may have been an agent of Saddam Hussein's intelligence service, the Mukhabarat, and that high-ranking elements of the government, perhaps including Saddam, knew about his activities. After all, the intelligence service placed its agents liberally in Iraqi embassies throughout the world. In some cases, intelligence agents made up more than 50 percent of the employees in an Iraqi embassy. This doesn't mean that Saddam or anyone in his government necessarily had foreknowledge of September 11; only that his intelligence service may have provided logistical support to the men who gave us September 11—again, perhaps without precise knowledge of their plans.

Others, primarily at the CIA, are more skeptical. They point out that the Iraqi embassy employee who got Shakir his job and managed his schedule was a lower-ranking embassy official. That, they argue, does not fit the profile of a Mukhabarat foreign agent. There are alternative explanations for some of the details, too. Shakir may have accompanied the September 11 hijackers to the Kuala Lumpur Hotel because they gave him a big tip or, some have suggested, because he knew the way. It's possible that Shakir was an Iraqi who had joined al Qaeda and, apart from his contact with the Iraqi embassy employee, had nothing to do with the Iraqi regime. The Iraqi regime, for its part, may have simply requested Shakir's release from the Jordanian government as a routine matter.

So was Saddam Hussein involved in September 11? Evidence, at this point, is scarce, but the proper answer is the one Cheney gave: We don't know.

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The Bush administration does know, however, about Saddam Hussein's connections to al Qaeda. And it's learning more every day. This, despite the woeful lack of resources devoted to exploring those links.

Is there a specialized team searching for Saddam-al Qaeda ties—something like David Kay's Iraq Survey Group, say, with its 1,400 scientists and intelligence experts roaming Iraq in search of proscribed weapons? "There is no such operation," says one intelligence official familiar with postwar intelligence. "What we know, we know because a handful of uniformed guys on the ground in Iraq have a hard-on for this stuff."

If the CIA ever gets serious about investigating Saddam-al Qaeda ties, it can start by sending someone to Toronto. On April 27, 2003, *Toronto Star* reporter Mitch Potter, his translator, and a colleague from the *London Telegraph* came across a document in the burned-out headquarters of the Mukhabarat in Baghdad. The document was found in the accounting department of the old Iraqi intelligence building and discussed who would pick up the tab for upcoming meetings between a bin Laden representative and Iraqi intelligence. It was, Potter wrote at the time, "the first hard evidence of contact between bin Laden's al Qaeda organization and Saddam Hussein's Iraqi regime." Bin Laden's name appeared three times in the document—crudely covered with liquid paper. The goal of the meeting, according to the memo's author, was to discuss "the future of our relationship with him, bin Laden, and to achieve a direct meeting with him." The individual coming to Baghdad, the memo continued, may represent "a way to maintain contacts with bin Laden."

Pretty damning stuff. I emailed Potter in July, and while he was careful to avoid drawing conclusions about the document's meaning, he was certain of its authenticity. "I have no doubt that what we found is the real thing," he wrote. His phone rang off the hook after he reported his find. One of those calls, he assumed, would come from the CIA or some other investigative arm of the U.S. government.

It's been nearly six months. That call never came. As of Thursday, no one from the U.S. government had contacted Potter about the document his editors are now holding.

American soldiers have come across other interesting documents in Baghdad. A recent stash yielded new information about Abdul Rahman Yasin, one of the plotters of the 1993 World Trade Center attack. For nearly a decade, Yasin has been on the FBI's "Most Wanted" list in connection with his role in that bombing. And for nearly as long, American officials have known that he was in Iraq.

Documents uncovered recently tell us that Yasin was harbored by the former Iraqi regime. That bears repeating. The man who burned his leg mixing the chemicals for the 1993 World Trade Center truck bomb has been living in Iraq and received a monthly stipend from Saddam Hussein. Cheney referred to Yasin—though not by name—in his appearance on *Meet the Press* last month, and the vice president has mentioned him in several recent speeches, most recently in a feisty talk on October 10 at the Heritage Foundation. But the Bush administration has otherwise been reluctant to provide details of the links between Iraq and al Qaeda. That is not, officials from across the administration insist, because there are serious questions about the connections. Rather, the White House is nervous that publicly discussing the links could trigger another set of leaks, most of them presumed to come from the CIA, attempting to discredit the new information. Those are battles the White House doesn't want to fight.

When the CIA leaks from classified documents, administration officials cannot effectively respond to misrepresentations or distortions because the information is classified. Consider this example, from a front-page story in the June 9, 2003, *New York Times*. The article, headlined "Captives Deny Qaeda Worked with Baghdad," has served for months as fodder for critics who accuse the administration of hyping the links. It relied heavily on unnamed "intelligence officials" who had seen a classified CIA report on the interrogation of a top al Qaeda operative named Abu Zubaydah.

The reporter, veteran correspondent James Risen, begins this way:

> Two of the highest-ranking leaders of Al Qaeda in American custody have told the C.I.A. in separate interrogations that the terrorist organization did not work jointly with the Iraqi government of Saddam Hussein, according to several intelligence officials. Abu Zubaydah, a Qaeda planner and recruiter until his capture in March 2002, told his questioners last year that the idea of working with Mr. Hussein's government had been discussed among Qaeda leaders, but that Osama bin Laden had rejected such proposals, according to an official who has read the Central Intelligence Agency's classified report on the interrogation.
>
> In his debriefing, Mr. Zubaydah said Mr. bin Laden had vetoed the idea because he did not want to be beholden to Mr. Hussein, the official said.

All of that is true. Osama bin Laden, Zubaydah told his interrogators, "personally opposed any formal alliance" with Saddam Hussein. The absence of a "formal alliance," however, hardly precludes cooperation. And Risen's source failed to provide him some important context. The very next sentence of the report on the interrogation changes the meaning of the entire report: "This said, bin Laden views any entity which hated Americans or was willing to kill them as an ally. . . . Abu Zubaydah explained that [Osama bin Laden's] personal goal of destroying the US is so strong that to achieve this end he would work with

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Photographer Showcase / Stacy Walsh Rosenstock

The 1993 World Trade Center bombing

whomever could help him, so long as al Qaeda's independence was not threatened." The CIA report later adds that Zubaydah "admitted that it was entirely possible that there were communications or emissaries" of which he would not be aware. Zubaydah also confirms that bin Laden "approved of contacts and funding" for Jund Allah, a militant Islamic group in northern Iraq which battled the two anti-Saddam Kurdish factions. Jund Allah merged with Ansar al Islam in 2001.

So Abu Zubaydah's interrogation was at least a mixed bag. But unnamed "intelligence officials" apparently used it—or, more accurately, part of it—to beat up on the administration for its allegedly selective use of intelligence on Iraq-al Qaeda links. More Risen:

> Several officials said Mr. Zubaydah's debriefing report was circulated by the C.I.A. within the American intelligence community last year, but his statements were not included in public discussions by administration officials about the evidence concerning Iraq-Qaeda ties.
>
> Those officials said the statements by Mr. Zubaydah and Mr. Mohammed were examples of the type of intelligence reports that ran counter to the administration's public case. "I remember reading the Abu Zubaydah debriefing last year, while the administration was talking about all of these other reports, and thinking that they were only putting out what they wanted," one official said.

There's little question that U.S. intelligence has done a poor job of investigating links between the former Iraqi regime and al Qaeda. And there's little question that the Bush administration has been too cautious about telling the American public what it has learned about these links.

The U.S. media are strangely incurious about all this. Several officials have expressed surprise that journalists rarely ask about the links. "It's basically you, Jeff Goldberg [from the *New Yorker* magazine], and Maria Ressa [CNN's Jakarta bureau chief]," one told me.

What's most striking, though, about the media coverage of Iraq-al Qaeda ties is the arrogant presumption that journalists know better. After his *Meet the Press* appearance, a *Los Angeles Times* editorial accused Cheney of acting "as though the best defense is a good offense, no matter what the damage to truth or common sense," and of offering "sweeping, unproven claims about Saddam Hussein's connection to terrorism."

Boston Globe columnist Derrick Z. Jackson, who often mistakes vitriol for reason, challenged Cheney's assertion that postwar intelligence from Iraq was yielding new Iraq-al Qaeda links. "Cheney's claim that we have learned more when we have learned nothing more is one more lie in the chain of deception that convinced a critical number of Americans to support the invasion and occupation of Iraq—at the loss of nearly 300 American soldiers and thousands of Iraqi soldiers and civilians. . . . Cheney once wowed the Washington elite with his gravitas. With so many soldiers and civilians dead, his gravitas now leads to the grave."

Perhaps now would be a good time for journalists to suspend the pronouncements and to start asking questions. ♦

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Oslo and Arafat—Ten Years Later

Has it brought us closer to peace in the Middle East?

Almost exactly ten years ago, Yitzchak Rabin, the prime minister of Israel, and Yasser Arafat, then as now the leader of the "Palestinians," shook hands on the White House lawn. They were joined by a beaming President Clinton, who had been instrumental in bringing this "Oslo Accord" about. The world, and certainly most Israelis and most of the world's Jews, were delighted. After almost 100 years of continuous strife, peace between Arabs and Jews seemed to be finally at hand.

What are the facts?

Treachery from the beginning. For their efforts, Arafat, Rabin and also Shimon Peres, then foreign minister of Israel and one of the architects of the Oslo Accord, were awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. In retrospect, it seems almost unbelievable that a thug, a liar, and a murderer like Arafat could have received that prize.

The treachery of Arafat became apparent almost immediately. One of the obligations that he had undertaken was to immediately stop all violence, and to assure that the state of Israel could live in peace and security. Just a few days later, however, a twenty-two year old Israeli was knifed to death. He was only the first of over 1,000 Israelis, who would be shot, knifed, or torn to pieces and thousands wounded and traumatized for life by "Palestinian" terror.

> "What to do with Arafat? The answer is to put him on trial, just as Adolf Eichman and Slobodan Milosevic were put on trial for the atrocities that they had committed."

Instead of bringing about a reconciliation, an end to the centuries-old conflict, the Oslo Accord succeeded in exacerbating it and to bring it to a bloody culmination. Regrettably, the Israelis did everything they could to empower the "Palestinians." They allowed them to arm themselves, though only with light weapons. But short of tanks, advanced missiles and warplanes, the "Palestinians" now have almost every conceivable weapon. Most of those weapons were smuggled in through tunnels into Gaza, with the Egyptians turning a blind eye. Only a few months ago, the Israelis intercepted the KARINE-A, a vessel loaded with 50 tons of advanced weaponry.

Author of many crimes. Arafat promised in the Oslo Accord to rescind the clauses in the "Palestinian Covenant" that call for the destruction of Israel. But he never did that, of course. The destruction of Israel, by one means or another, remains the supreme goal of the PLO.

In waging war against Israel, Arafat has brought untold misery to his people. Unemployment in the territories is over 50 percent; there's no commerce or industry; and the tens of thousands who had good jobs in Israel are now idle and cannot feed their families. There would now be mass starvation in "Palestine" were it not for the regular relief remittances from the governments of the world, most of them of course from the United States.

Very few people have any longer any faith in Arafat. Even the most sanguine have come to realize that he is a terrorist and an inveterate liar. For years he told the West about his peaceful intentions, but when speaking to his own people or to other Arabs he incessantly advocates "jihad"—total war against the Jews and the recovery of "Palestine from the river to the sea." That means the elimination of Israel.

Arafat's greatest crime must surely be the poisoning of the minds of two generations of Arab children. From the very first grade they learn to hate the Jews and to prepare themselves for martyrdom, preferably by blowing themselves up and killing as many Jews as possible.

But the sabotage of the Oslo Accord is only a small part of Arafat's villainy. He is personally responsible for thousands of terror attacks over the last six decades, including the killing of Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympics; the hijacking and blowing up of airliners filled with civilians; kidnapping and killing of Americans, including American diplomats. destabilizing Jordan; the effective destruction of Lebanon, and much more.

What to do with such a man? President Bush has finally recognized Arafat for what he is, though, inexplicably, he is still the darling of many European governments. The Israelis have kept him holed up for many months—he is out of circulation, and they have declared him to be irrelevant. But he is not, of course. From his lair, he is still in control, in contact with his minions, and he still calls all the shots. The Israelis have floated the idea of killing him or of exiling him. Both would be counter-productive. Killing him would make him a martyr. Exiling him would not prevent him from doing his mischief from every corner of the world. No, the answer is to take him prisoner and to put him on trial—just as the arch criminals Adolf Eichman and Slobodan Milosevic were put on trial for the atrocities that they had committed.

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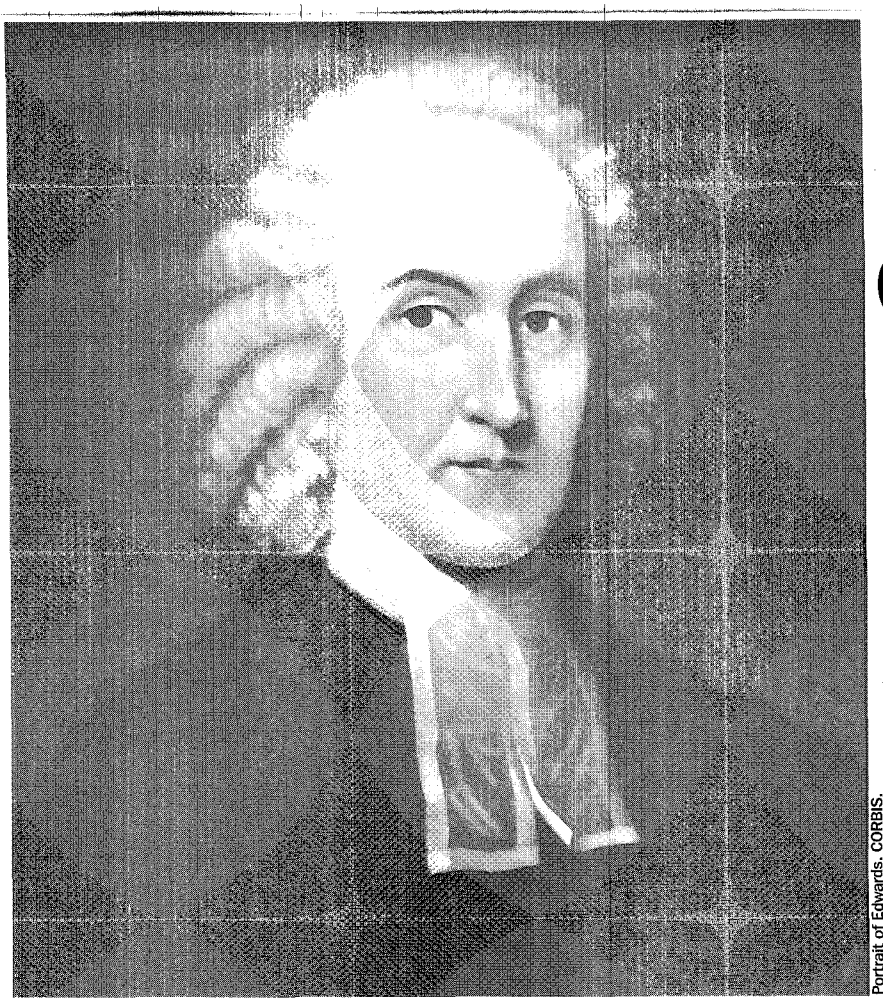
Present at the Creation

Jonathan Edwards, the first American

By GERALD MCDERMOTT



Portrait of Edwards. CORBIS.

Almost no one seems to deny that Jonathan Edwards is America's greatest theologian—perhaps the greatest mind America has ever produced, in any field. But that doesn't mean many like him very much. Born three hundred years ago, on October 5, 1703, Edwards has always provoked extreme reactions.

No shrinking lily herself, Harriet Beecher Stowe complained that Edwards's sermons on sin and suffering were "refined poetry of torture." After staying up one night to browse in his works, Mark Twain reported, "Edwards's God shines red and hideous in the glow from the fires of hell, their only right and proper adornment. By God, I was ashamed to be in such company." Generations of American college students have learned similar conclusions about his most famous sermon, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," in the "Puritans" section of their classes on American literature.

Such received opinions and settled readings of particular texts often cry out for a contrarian critic with a lance long enough to deflate them. But, even if it is an accurate reading of such sermons as "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," the notion of a hellfire-obsessed Edwards derives from abstracting a small portion of his works, never set in balance with the rest. And it obscures the fact that both in intellectual creativity and cultural influence, Edwards towers above any other religious thinker to have graced the American scene.

His 1754 *Freedom of the Will* set the agenda for philosophical debates for more than a century by its daring attempt to resolve the antinomy between freedom and determinism. Edwards also challenged Enlightenment presumptions about evil, history, and reason. His theological classic, the 1746 *Religious Affections*, may be the most acute work on spiritual discernment in the history of Christian thought. Edwards seems, in fact, far more obsessed with beauty than wrath. In his emphasis on experience and his effort to extract himself from European thinking, he laid the foundation for subsequent American intellectual life. And in his attempts to combine a radical vision of holiness with the most capacious appreciation of beauty in God's creation, he laid the foundation for subsequent American public life. Jonathan Edwards *is* America.

Born the only son of a Harvard-educated pastor and theologically astute mother, Edwards studied theology at Yale and became its head tutor, the functional equivalent of president. After a year pastoring a Presbyterian congregation in New York City, he preached for twenty-four years as Congregationalist pastor at the First Church in Northampton, Massachusetts, New England's largest church outside Boston.

From 1740 to 1741 Edwards was a leader of, and public apologist for, the Great Awakening, the religious revival that swept up and down the Eastern seaboard. Edwards enjoyed his congregation's favor for fifteen years, but tensions began to mount when Edwards read from the pulpit the names of young men who were accused of reading a midwife's manual and harassing young women. In 1750 the Northampton church dismissed Edwards over the question of communion requirements. Edwards then spent almost

Gerald McDermott, who teaches religion at Roanoke College, has written three books on Jonathan Edwards.

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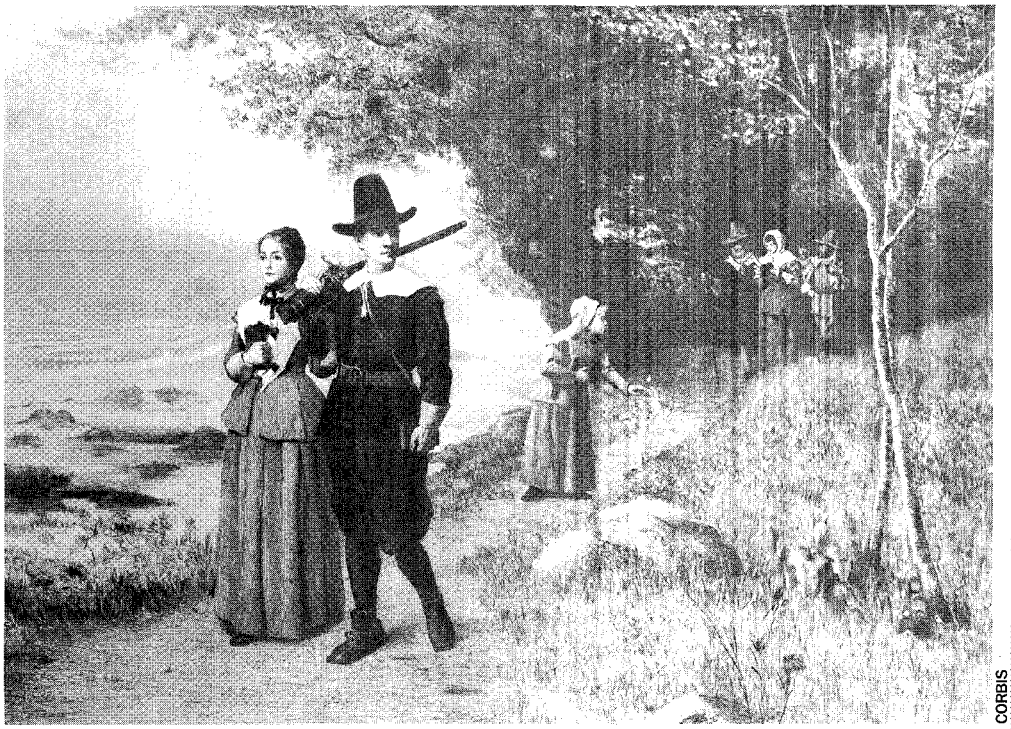

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J.S. King's engraving of Puritans walking to church.

seven years as a missionary to Indians in Stockbridge (western Massachusetts), writing there some of his most celebrated treatises: *The Nature of True Virtue*, *Concerning the End for Which God Created the World*, *Freedom of the Will*, and *Original Sin*. In 1758 he assumed the presidency of the College of New Jersey (now Princeton University), but died five weeks later after a smallpox outbreak.

One price of omnipresent success is a kind of disappearance: If your influence extends everywhere, it almost looks as though you are nowhere. Although Edwards was revered for his piety and intellectual prowess in antebellum America, the Unitarians who gained cultural power after the Civil War forgot exactly what it was that Edwards had made possible for them—and consequently dismissed the thinker as an anachronistic symbol of the Puritanism that had allegedly slowed America's advance to modernity. Intellectuals generally did not take Edwards seriously again until 1949, when Harvard historian Perry Miller published his acclaimed biography, suggesting that only Edwards's unshrinking assessment of evil was capable of dispelling modernity's naive utopianism.

Since mid-century Edwards scholarship has exploded, with the number of dissertations on his work doubling every decade. The most prestigious university presses and journals have published hundreds of books and articles on his thought and influence. The critical edition of his works from Yale University Press will shortly reach twenty-seven volumes (although even that is only half of his written oeuvre). Now, in 2003, another spate of books and articles has appeared to mark the three-hundredth anniversary of his birth.

The most important new arrival is *Jonathan Edwards*, George Marsden's long-awaited biography. Marsden, one of the premier historians of American religion, has mastered the gargantuan sources, both secondary and primary (which include thousands of pages written in a hand so indecipherable as to drive a man to tears). Marsden's design with his six-hundred-page opus is not "essentially intellectual." Instead, he unveils "Edwards as a person, a public figure, and a thinker in his own time and place." He traces the rise of a child prodigy (who had learned Hebrew, Greek, and Latin by the age of ten) to the man who became "the most acute early American philosopher and the most brilliant of all American theologians."

More than any previous biographer, Marsden portrays a man with clay feet and inner demons. Edwards suffered recurring depressions throughout his life, his grandmother was an adulterer and psychotic, and mental illness ran in the family. He rebelled against his father's rigid Calvinist god of absolute sovereignty, but was converted by an "inward sweet sense" that convinced him that the true God "must be ineffably good, beautiful, and loving beyond human comprehension." The young mystic was a stiff pastor, unable to make small talk, and sometimes tactless in relations to his parishioners—which makes it all the more remarkable that he helped lead the popular religious awakenings which swept up and down the Connecticut River Valley and beyond, reaching as far as Maine in the north and Virginia in the south. Most historians of the American Founding doubt that the revolution could have taken place without these awakenings and the national unity they fostered.

Marsden also helps the reader understand why Edwards has been what Joseph Conforti calls the "white whale" of American religious history—the dazzling mystery that has attracted such scholars as Harvard's atheistic Miller and Berkeley's Henry May. Part of the answer, explains Marsden, is the beauty of his religious vision: For Edwards, "all created reality is like a quintessential explosion of light from the sun of God's intertrinitarian love." Edwards's world is full of beauty, because beauty and light constitute the essence of its Creator. In Edwards's memorable words, "God is the foundation and fountain of all being and all beauty, from whom all is perfectly derived, and on whom all is most absolutely and perfectly dependent; of whom and through whom and to whom is all being and all perfection; and whose being and beauty is as it were the sum and comprehension of all existence and excellence: much more than the sun is the fountain and summary comprehension of all the light and brightness of the day."

Another reason for Edwards's uncanny attractiveness is his eagerness to confront the received Enlightenment thinking that dominated Euro-

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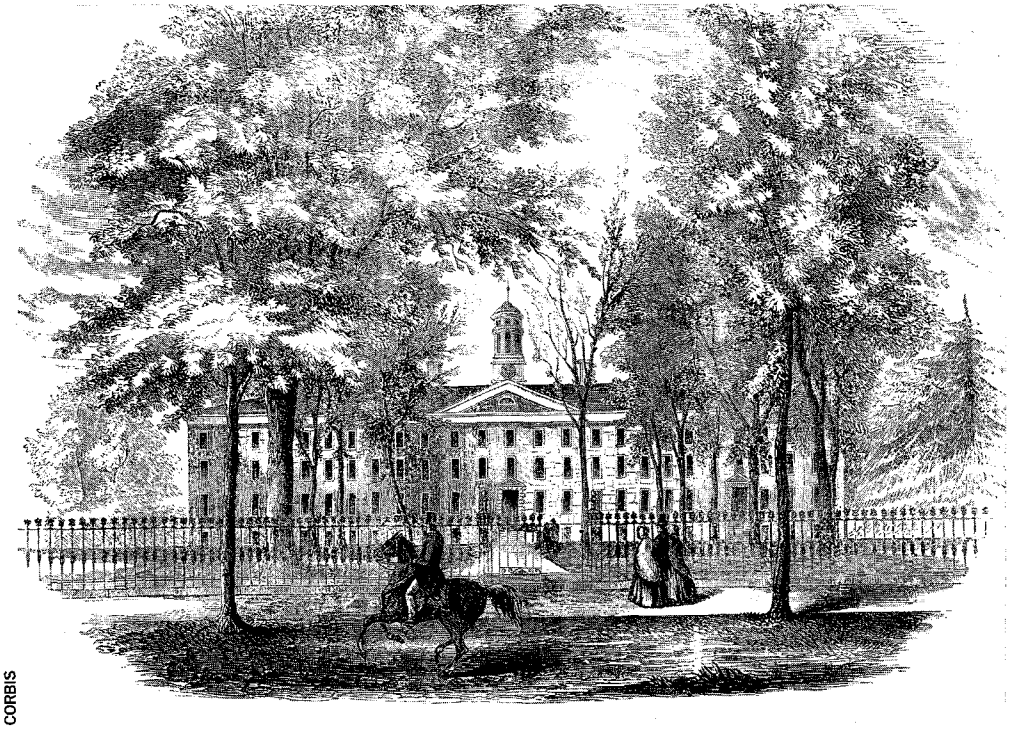
pean thought. In *The Nature of True Virtue*—which uses not the Bible but reason alone to press its case—Edwards challenged "the project that dominated Western thought, and eventually much of world thought, for the next two centuries," Marsden notes, "the grand idea . . . that humans would find it possible to establish on scientific principles a universal system of morality that would bring to an end the destructive conflicts that had plagued human history." Because Edwards was nearly the only moral philosopher in the eighteenth century to deny natural human goodness, he was among the few to perceive that this dream was not only empty but could lead to unimagined horrors.

Marsden suggests that it is precisely because of the twentieth century's experience of human horror that Edwards's thinking on hell cannot be so easily dismissed. Edwards believed that each person is "by nature incredibly short-sighted, self-absorbed, and blinded by pride." Only a traumatic jolt could burst the bonds of such self-absorption. Therefore the verbal violence of hellfire and damnation "was a gift of God to awaken people who were blindly sleepwalking to their doom."

In *Jonathan Edwards and the Bible*, another study timed for the tercentennial, Robert Brown shows how Edwards faced down the deists who sought to discredit the Bible by using early historical criticism to insist that true knowledge is a priori and infallible, as in mathematics. Edwards's response was twofold. First, he charged that the deist definition of rationality was too narrow, excluding the experiential and the spiritual. He claimed that Scripture conveys to the mind not only information but also its beauty, which can be seen only by the spiritually enlightened. Second, he argued that the full truth of Christian faith is known only through historical accounts in the biblical drama of salvation. This understanding then becomes the key to discerning God's activity outside the Bible—an eighteenth-century version of what theologians have lately called narrative theology.



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A nineteenth-century view of Edwards's College of New Jersey, now Princeton University.

The popular historian Peter Gay once denounced Edwards as a medieval, precritical historian. But Brown contends that the eighteenth century was a period in which hard lines cannot be drawn between "precritical" and "critical" historical methods: Edwards may have been on the conservative end of the historiographical spectrum, but he used the same methods and shared most historiographical presuppositions with those on the other end. Further, Brown maintains, Edwards was a full participant in the early modern science of religion, believing both in the inspiration of some pagan philosophers and the historically conditioned nature of biblical history.

Perhaps the most remarkable contributor to this recent explosion of interest in Edwards is the Israeli historian Avihu Zakai, with *Jonathan Edwards's Philosophy of History: The Re-Enchantment of the World in the Age of Enlightenment*. A teacher at Hebrew University—and former Marxist and veteran paratrooper—Zakai sees yet another way in which Edwards beat some Enlightenment thinkers at their own game. Edwards was "a bold and independent philosopher" who showed his "force of mind" by constructing a "plausible alternative" to the eighteenth century's mechanistic interpretation of reality, which stipulated that all natural phenomena can be explained by matter and motion. This new scientific thought not only stripped nature of purpose, but "led to the notion of homogenous, empty time—time deprived of any redemptive significance."

Edwards responded, says Zakai, by appropriating the atomic doctrine of mechanistic philosophy to show the incoherence of mechanism's basic assumption that there exist substances independent of everything else. All being, Edwards argued, is immediately dependent on the great system of being, which is God Himself. The result, according to Zakai, was a reenchantment of history. Indeed, Zakai goes further, claiming that Edwards's new history, based on the notion that religious awakening is the engine of both sacred and secular history, was revolutionary in several respects: It regarded secular history as both progressive and meaningful, it enshrined America's revival tradition, and it helped make God's redemption of the entire world a central theme of American culture.

Harry Stout also sees history as central to Edwards's thought in his introduction to *Sermons and Discourses, 1739-1742*, one of the latest volumes in the Yale critical edition. Stout suggests that Edwards's new history

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was a "Descartes-like new method" that substituted history for theology as queen of the sciences. Theology was still the New England thinker's obsession, but his vision of God would be unfolded through story, which is "superior to systematic theology for its drama and to earthbound historiography for its prophetic inspiration." It was therefore no surprise that Edwards's first sketch of theology as history, his *History of the Work of Redemption*, was one of America's bestselling books in the nineteenth century.

If historians tie Edwards's significance to his views of history and science, theologians insist his vision of God is what makes his work uniquely noteworthy. In *Writings on the Trinity, Grace, and Faith*, another new volume in the Yale edition, Princeton Seminary's Sang Hyun Lee claims that Edwards marks a stunning departure from the Western theological tradition by the way he repudiated deism. Eighteenth-century deists depicted a watchmaker god who observes from a distance his self-sustaining world, and Western theology in a similar manner has represented God as "externally" but not "internally" related to the world: "What happens in the world does not affect God." According to Lee, Edwards instead portrayed God as creating the world in order to enlarge His own being outside Himself. In theological terms, this means repeating His glory in mundane human life and nature. Thus, by their good works, God's people participate in His life, which makes what people do *matter* in the most vital ways.

Amy Plantinga Pauw adds—in both *The Supreme Harmony of All: The Trinitarian Theology of Jonathan Edwards* and her introduction to *"The Miscellanies," 833-1152*, yet another volume in the Yale edition of Edwards's works—that Edwards was also innovative in his view of the Trinity. Breaking from a long tradition in philosophical theology that taught that God's goodness was based upon his oneness and simplicity, Edwards instead held that God's goodness is rooted in the loving relation among the three persons of the Trinity. Furthermore, while the tradition had tended to treat the Holy Spirit as an abstract principle, Edwards regarded the third Trinitarian member as a person who "influences the Father and Son in all they do."

If nothing else, these new books help recover what most historians have forgotten: the profound influence of Edwards on American culture. In his retirement correspondence with Thomas Jefferson, John Adams wrote that Aaron Burr (Edwards's grandson), "from the single circumstance of his descent," was always ensured of one hundred thousand votes—enough to account for his election as Jefferson's vice president in 1800. Before the Civil War much collegiate education was shaped by New Englanders whose minds were formed by Edwards's theology. A theme from Edwards's ethics, "disinterested benevolence," became a slogan for evangelists and social reformers. In 1835 the Unitarian John Brazer wrote that Edwards's theological masterpiece, *Religious Affections*, was quoted, reprinted, and circulated "with a deference only less than what is paid to the Bible itself." Even as late as 1900 the *New York Times* editorialized on the need for a new edition of Edwards's works "almost as a matter of patriotism."

Jonathan Edwards
A Life
by George M. Marsden
Yale University Press, 640 pp., $35

Jonathan Edwards and the Bible
by Robert E. Brown
Indiana University Press, 352 pp., $35

Jonathan Edwards's Philosophy of History
The Re-Enchantment of the World in the Age of Enlightenment
by Avihu Zakai
Princeton University Press, 368 pp., $49.95

"The Miscellanies," 833-1152
Works of Jonathan Edwards, Volume 20
edited by Amy Plantinga Pauw
Yale University Press, 560 pp., $95

Writings on the Trinity, Grace, and Faith
Works of Jonathan Edwards, Volume 21
edited by Sang Hyun Lee
Yale University Press, 592 pp., $95

Sermons and Discourses, 1739-1742
Works of Jonathan Edwards, Volume 22
edited by Harry S. Stout, et al.
Yale University Press, 608 pp., $95

The Supreme Harmony of All
The Trinitarian Theology of Jonathan Edwards
by Amy Plantinga Pauw
Wm. B. Eerdmans, 196 pp., $22

America's God
From Jonathan Edwards to Abraham Lincoln
by Mark A. Noll
Oxford University Press, 640 pp., $35

Marsden observes that recent American culture has paid more attention to Benjamin Franklin than to Edwards because Franklin represents pragmatic trends that have triumphed in America. But Franklin, he notes, does not explain why religion is so successful in this country, or why "its revivalist style became one of America's leading exports." Franklin's autobiography, "the story of the self-made man, eventually became paradigmatic of the American ideal," but Edwards's biography of the missionary David Brainerd, one of the most influential missionary accounts of all time, presents the "self-renouncing man" as "a major alternative."

According to the historian Mark Noll, however, Edwards's theology undermined later Christian influence on the public square. In his magisterial *America's God: From Jonathan Edwards to Abraham Lincoln*, Noll claims it was Edwards who opened American thought to the "subtle, yet powerful, move from theology to politics, and intellectual leadership to a shift from the clergy to men of state." Since other historians have linked this transition to later secularist moves to eliminate religion from the public square altogether, this is a serious charge. It is particularly significant because Noll has persuasively argued in many other writings that American religion in general and evangelicalism in particular often err in substituting activism for theological reflection on politics.

Noll writes that Edwards repudiated "a long history of New England thought by shifting emphasis on

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covenant away from the complex nexus of person, church, and society to a simpler bond between the converted individual and the church." By this Noll means that Edwards rejected the Half-Way Covenant by which the unregenerate, who were not permitted to partake of the Lord's Supper, were nevertheless allowed to get their children baptized, thus preserving an organic link between society and church. More important, for Noll, Edwards also rejected the national covenant, the notion that God had a conditional relationship with New England in which He would dispense rewards and punishments based on obedience to divine law. According to Noll, for Edwards after 1749 there was no more "external" covenant but only the "internal" covenant—concerned not with society but with the individual's salvation. This "spelled the dissolution of Puritan theology as the all-purpose guardian of thought" and opened the door for generations of republican political theory disconnected from the history of salvation.

Is this true? Three years before his death, Edwards used the language of national covenant to interpret the French and Indian destruction of General Edward Braddock's forces on the Monongahela River in 1755: "If God be pleased to forsake a people & not to go forth with their armies, defeat & confusion is like to be the consequence. . . . Yet if a people repent & put away the cursed things and look to God for help, there is no reason to despair." The "external" covenant Edwards rejected was concerned not with society but with the individual soul, and it referred to the soul that has the outer earmarks but not internal reality of saving grace.

Noll correctly points out that after 1760 there was no new Edwards "to take the measure of republican political ideology." And the editors who published his works posthumously did not include his many fast- and thanksgiving-day sermons, which contained his elaborate reflections on national covenant and the public square. Had he survived the smallpox epidemic of 1758 and lived as long as his more famous contemporary Franklin—and kept his predilection to engage the most compelling issues of the era—Edwards might have integrated his reflections on public virtue from *The Nature of True Virtue* with his conviction that God deals not just with individuals but also whole societies. The result would have been a careful theological analysis of uncoerced religion in a covenanted polis.

Jonathan Edwards has been called the American Augustine, the American Aquinas, the American Dante, and the American Kierkegaard. Insofar as "America" represents a self-conscious refusal to be defined by European sensibilities, these new offerings of scholarly reflection on this great thinker suggests the key word is "American." Edwards had a fierce intellectual independence. He knew that American thought was disparaged for its provincialism, but he was convinced that in God's providence the New World had been settled to help unveil a new understanding of God and providence. Hence "new additions of light ought not to be despised and discouraged" even if they "sprung up" in this "obscure part of the world."

Though Edwards did not regard himself as an innovator and was concerned to be faithful to God's revelation in Scripture, he fearlessly permitted that concern to lead him to new ways of thinking. In a youthful burst of enthusiasm that embarrassed some of his disciples, he boasted, "I am not afraid to say twenty things about the Trinity which the Scripture never said." Nor was he afraid to diverge from the Calvinist tradition in which he had been reared: "I utterly disclaim a dependence on Calvin, or believing the doctrines which I hold, because he believed and taught them; and cannot justly be charged with believing in everything just as he taught." He showed the same boldness in philosophy. Perry Miller called America's attention to Edwards's fascination with John Locke, for example, but recent scholarship has shown the ways in which Edwards emended Locke.

In theology and philosophy, Edwards's greatest work transcends his American location and character. But it is doubtful that America has transcended *him*. On this three-hundredth anniversary of his birth, the mountains of new writing about the man bid us recognize the extent to which Jonathan Edwards really is America—applying quintessentially American daring to the great questions that bedevil modern minds. ◆

Slouching Towards California

Joan Didion returns home. BY DAVID KLINGHOFFER

Joan Didion recalls that as an eleven-year-old she "declined to go any longer to church." In her new book, *Where I Was From*—simultaneously a memoir of her family's pioneer past and a dissection of the history of California—she doesn't make much of the fact. However it struck me because I wondered if, growing up in Sacramento, she missed the part in her Sunday school where the class read the Bible's genealogical sections.

Readers have differed on what meaning to draw from these biblical lists of names and localities, and, in her writing, Didion also offers different interpretations of the meaning of California, which she always sees as filtered

David Klinghoffer's most recent book is The Discovery of God: Abraham and the Birth of Monotheism.

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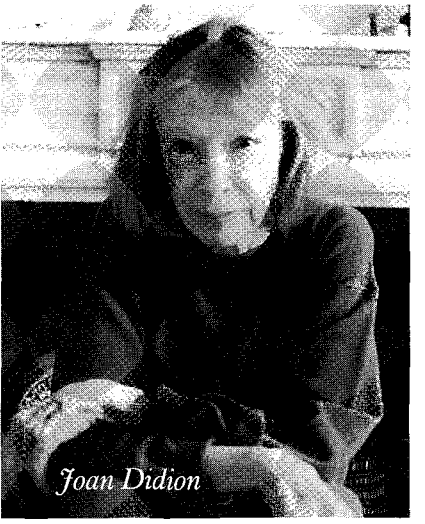
through the history of her own family. Back in 1963, she wrote *Run River*, a novel of adultery and hop farming along Sacramento's rivers and levees. Throughout that book she expressed a longing for the past, for a romantic Old California of the children of the pioneers, which disappeared with the population surge after World War II. Now, with the non-fiction *Where I Was From*, she rejects such nostalgia as "pernicious." In artfully elliptical fashion, she makes clear that Californians, from the first American settlement in the mid-nineteenth century, were always what they are today: ready to sell their state to the highest bidder, no matter the cost to the natural beauty of the land or the moral integrity of the people.

In this telling, the profoundest turning point was the coming of the Southern Pacific railroad, which provided an easy way across the Sierra Nevada, a passage that previously had been the most terrifying of all trials the early pioneers had to overcome. In the 1840s, the notorious Donner-Reed party (whose name seems to come up in Didion's book every few pages) was famously reduced to cannibalism when trapped by the snow in the mountains. With a railroad, that singularly powerful and wealthy entity, connecting it to the East, California—which before had been isolated, unpopulated, and almost innocent—was set to become sprawling, populous, and urban. Its innocence permanently comprised by the railroad, this state whose people prided themselves on independence became, in various ways that Didion catalogues here, wards of the federal government. Thus the aerospace boom that ended in 1989 with the close of the Cold War was all the result of an infusion of government money, which when withdrawn left a vacuum that California has yet to fill. The vacuum was not only economic but spiritual, resulting in horrors like the 1993 "Spur Posse" episode, in which a gang of boys from Southern California's Lakewood, essentially an aerospace town, were accused of sexually molesting and otherwise terrorizing girls as young as ten years old.

Didion bitterly renders the meaninglessness of life in post-aerospace Lakewood, whose adolescents the community seeks to assuage with city sports programs: "those blank-faced Lakewood girls, those feral Lakewood boys. There are the dead eyes, the thick necks, the jaws that closed only to chew gum." Are the eyes really so dead, the necks truly so thick? Maybe not, but it's possible to love Didion's writing without believing everything she says. There is a certain Didion mood—delicate, fevered, paranoid, at the same time cynical and sentimental—that I for one adore. As a writer she is always



Knopf

Where I Was From
by Joan Didion
Knopf, 226 pp., $23

short of breath, with a racing pulse. It is, I suppose, a matter of taste. One reads her for the style, not so much for the truth.

Which is good, because not everything in her book is true. Never mind her denials, Didion is as devoted as ever to touching and caressing the past, recounting names and places with all the obsessive attention of the repeated censuses to which the people of Israel are subjected in the Pentateuch. *Where I Was From* has many passages like this:

> I know nothing else about Elizabeth Scott Hardin, but I have her recipe for corn bread, and also for India relish: her granddaughter brought these recipes west in 1846, traveling with the Donner-Reed party as far as the Humboldt Sink before cutting north for Oregon, where her husband, the Reverend Josephus Adamson Cornwall, was determined to be the first Cumberland Presbyterian circuit rider in what was then called Oregon country. Because that granddaughter, Nancy Hardin Cornwall, was my great-great-great-grandmother, I have, besides her recipes, a piece of appliqué she made on the crossing. This appliqué, green and red calico on a muslin field, hangs now in my dining room in New York and hung before that in the living room of a house I had on the Pacific Ocean.

Didion claims that the "enchantment" of this pioneer past "began to seem remote" to her in 1971 or 1972. That was when she visited, with her daughter, a redeveloped Ye Olde Towne-type section of Sacramento, fixed up (like the downtowns of many older West Coast cities in recent years) to look as it did in the nineteenth century. The falseness of this struck her, especially in contrast to the living, breathing reality of her adopted daughter, Quintana Roo (named for the state in southeastern Mexico), to whom "any ghosts on this wooden sidewalk" were irrelevant.

Yet one page later Didion is listing, in loving detail, the inherited antiques that Quintana received when the author's mother died:

> There was an oval Victorian table with a marble top that had come to my mother from some part of the family, I no longer remember which. There was a carved teak chest that had been in my mother and father's bedroom when I was a child. There was a small piecrust table that had been my grandmother's. There was, from among my mother's clothes, an Italian angora cape that she had been wearing ever since my father gave it to her, one Christmas in the late 1940s. Actually I took the angora cape.

It's very hard to get over the enchantment of one's past. There is something deep, elemental about knowing the names and even just fragments of biographies of your ancestors. The blood contains ghosts, ineradicable.

The second major untruth lies in Didion's conclusion that the past and future of California are something we

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should feel sour about. The fact that the great ranches, such as the Hollister and the Irvine, were sold off and subdivided is to her an example of how California's history has been erased, to the impoverishment of the state. She doubts that the arrival of Americans in Mexican "Alta California" was a good thing in the first place: "The settlement of the west, however inevitable, had not uniformly tended to the greater good, nor had it on every level benefited even those who reaped its most obvious rewards."

In her opinion, it's all been downhill from there, a process of turning the beloved state into an "entirely dependent colony of the invisible empire" of certain "corporate and political interests." In her view, the San Francisco reformer Henry George was right in 1868 when he wrote an article entitled "What the Railroad Will Bring Us." It will bring, he said, "this crowding of people into immense cities, this aggregation of wealth into large lumps, this marshalling of men into big gangs under the control of the great 'captains of industry.'"

You know that Didion's ancestor, the Reverend Josephus Adamson Cornwall, wouldn't have fretted about growing cities taking the place of farmland and wilderness. What is it with this strain of liberal apocalypticism, always tracing a path in history from innocence to ruin?

Maybe it has to do with the fact that a lot of liberals "declined to go any longer to church" and thus missed out on absorbing not only the biblical genealogies but an assumption that was commonplace until not long ago—that no matter how big and crowded the cities got, no matter how squeezed for land we might feel, it ultimately was not a problem because history was building to a conclusion, a happy one.

For the liberal secularist, there is no such prospect. California, like everything else, will keep deteriorating, the cities will keep growing, until it is all utterly unlivable, ruined—and then what? ♦

A Fresh Look

Paul Johnson pens a new history of art, from Lascaux to last week. **BY THOMAS M. DISCH**

Encyclopedists—writers able to write about absolutely anything with complete competence—are a rare breed. Ordinary mortals are liable to dismiss them as know-it-alls, with an insinuation that, of course, they don't know *everything*. But sometimes they do. I was once at dinner with Isaac Asimov, a know-it-all of the first rank, who thought to entertain all the guests at his table, some fifteen other professional writers, by our asking him questions about the known universe. He only faltered in the more arcane recesses of art history. Now Paul Johnson would seem—on the evidence of his latest volume, *Art: A New History*, and his many other volumes of synoptic history (of the Jews, for instance, or America, or modern times)—to be even greater than Asimov, or Arnold Toynbee, or Jacques Barzun, at the business of knowing it all.

Art
A New History
by Paul Johnson
HarperCollins, 777 pp., $39.95

What's particularly impressive is Johnson's ability to reshuffle the cards and lay them out in his own new syntheses, refurbishing lopped laurels and brushing away decades of received wisdom. As a result, his *Art* is more than an ideal textbook and a quirky reference tool, it's a genuine page-turner, full of juicy anecdotes, bright ideas, and surprising plot twists. Did van Gogh commit suicide because he knew his paintings were bad? Did the painters of the Italian Renaissance miss the boat by opting for fresco rather than oils as the technique of preference? Was Picasso simply a modestly gifted *fashionista* on a par with Warhol? Whose bull will be gored next?

Johnson may be a heretic, but he's no curmudgeon—and this is the most surprising and welcome feature of his book. He didn't surrender to conservative grumpiness to produce a volume of moans and snarls. *Art* celebrates the entire realm of man-made beauty with an inclusiveness and zest that are contagious. Undoubtedly some critical noses are deliberately tweaked, as when Johnson rhapsodizes over Norman Rockwell and Jean-François Millet, those bastions of sentimental philistinism, but the merits he recognizes in both artists are hard to deny, while the faults he points out in a range of artists from Botticelli to Monet are there to be seen, visible as warts.

The overall tone of the book, however, is generous, even joyful. Johnson writes for those late-modern souls whose regard for high achievement in art is an absolute. And within the purview of high art he includes cosmetics, gardening, dressmaking, bridge and highway construction, and other forms of mega-engineering. Here he is, toward the end of his book, in a moment of giddy hyperbole: "As is shown repeatedly in the cities of America, which has always built the best skyscrapers and grouped them profusely, a grove of varied tall buildings is one of the most exciting sights on earth. These airy and glittering city centers are perhaps the greatest achievements of twentieth-century art."

Try to imagine a similar paean to the glory of modern cities in Gombrick or Janson, authors of the standard single-volume histories of art hereto-

Thomas M. Disch is a poet, novelist, and art critic.

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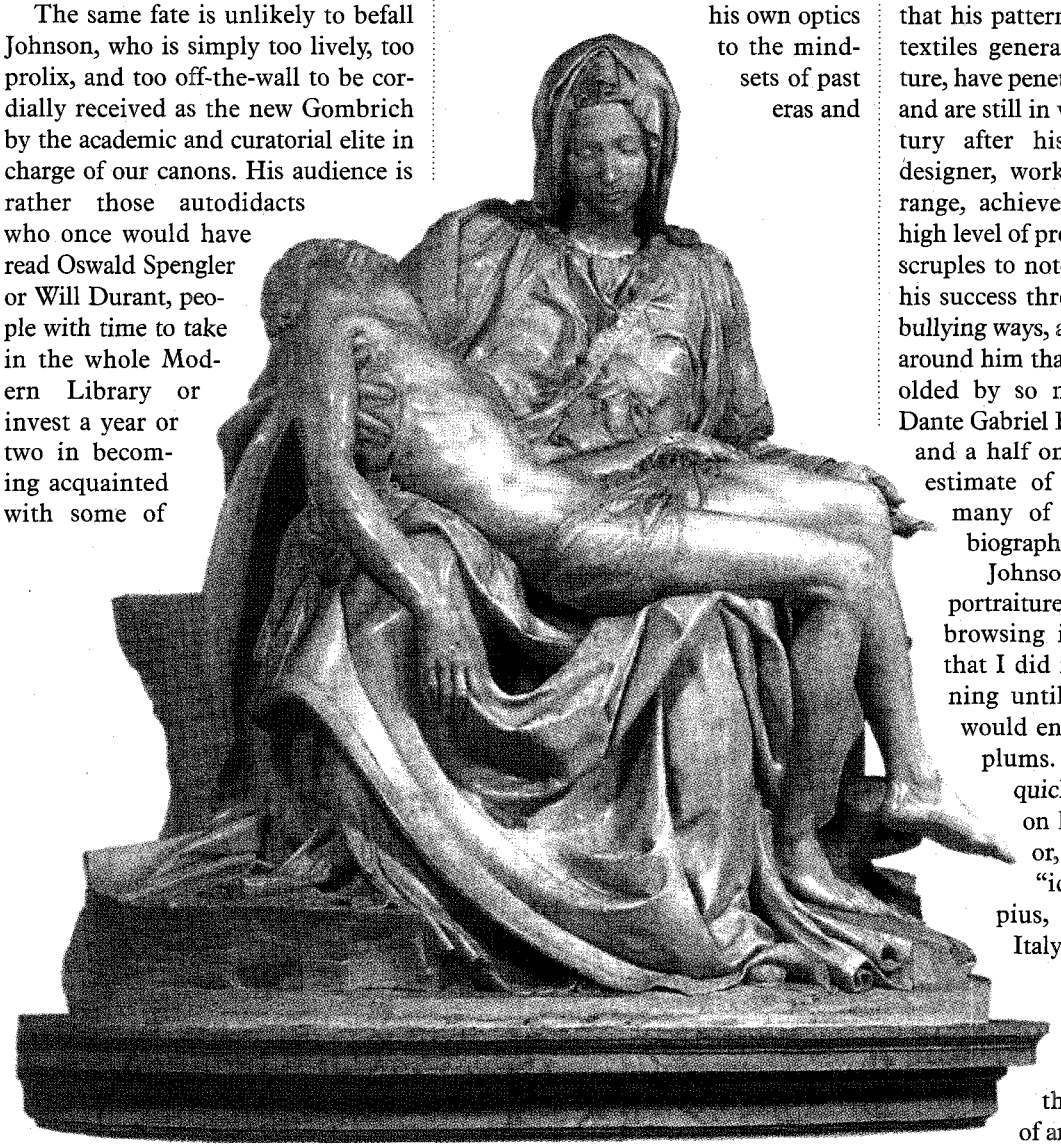
fore. It would have been beneath their dignity to praise work that had not been certified by "experts." Indeed, H.W. Janson is forthright in the matter: "The one qualification they [art's primary audience of experts] all have in common is an informed love," he writes in the introduction to his *History of Art*, "at once discriminating and enthusiastic that lends particular weight to their judgements." This is a recipe for the fossilization of received wisdom—and that, indeed, was Janson's accomplishment and why his great tome is at once authoritative and stultifying. As to Ernst Gombrich's *Story of Art*, it is no longer a work of art history so much as a part of it, like Vasari or Ruskin: the Baltimore Catechism of modernist aesthetics.

The same fate is unlikely to befall Johnson, who is simply too lively, too prolix, and too off-the-wall to be cordially received as the new Gombrich by the academic and curatorial elite in charge of our canons. His audience is rather those autodidacts who once would have read Oswald Spengler or Will Durant, people with time to take in the whole Modern Library or invest a year or two in becoming acquainted with some of the actual statues, basilicas, triptychs, and megaliths Johnson writes about. This is a large undertaking, for which *Art* will serve primarily as a kind of travel advertisement. Three hundred small reproductions (although in color, blessedly) can't substitute for the fieldwork required. Surely the day will soon be upon us when such a book will be accompanied by a CD-ROM appendix as a matter of course. Till such time, Johnson's readers will have to bring to bear the power of their own memory banks.

But imagine the job of an artist before the era of photography, before even etchings, when one's only knowledge of art derived from communal availability, travel, and hearsay. Johnson shares the knack of recalibrating his own optics to the mindsets of past eras and seeing their art through their eyes. Like an inspired historical novelist, Johnson imparts a human warmth to each artifact his research discovers. Accordingly, as the light of history becomes brighter and steadier and we can begin to discern the features of the individual artists, Johnson comes into his own as a historian of real artistry, much as he did in his bestselling multi-biographical *Intellectuals* (1999), a debunking of twelve of the Left's most sacred cows that can stand beside Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians*.



Art is not a similar exercise in exposing clay feet, but it never omits reference to the human flaws of five-star geniuses. Thus he praises William Morris as "perhaps the most important designer who ever lived, in the sense that his patterns, in carpets, curtains, textiles generally, pottery and furniture, have penetrated all over the world and are still in vogue, more than a century after his death. . . . No other designer, working on such a broad range, achieved such a consistently high level of production." But Johnson scruples to note that Morris achieved his success through inherited wealth, bullying ways, and a blindness to those around him that led to his being cuckolded by so mediocre a painter as Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Johnson's page and a half on Morris offers a truer estimate of the whole man than many of Morris's book-length biographies.

Johnson's knack for miniature portraiture makes *Art* excellent for browsing in, and I will confess that I did not begin at its beginning until I'd assured myself I would enjoy it by searching for plums. Invariably they were quickly found. His chapters on landscape, on watercolor, and on what he terms "ideological art" (Gropius, Le Corbusier, fascist Italy) could each be republished on its own, with a sufficiency of color plates, as a tasteful monograph. That said, the acid test of a history of art is its ability to impart

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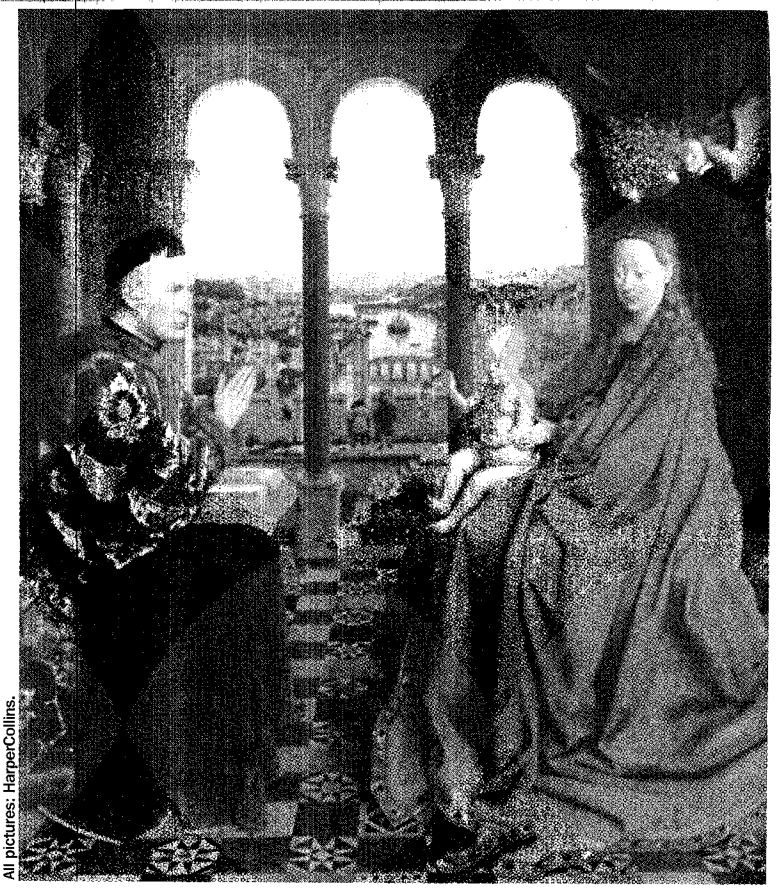
an immense amount of information, balancing narrative interest with aesthetic taxonomy, all the while remaining interesting and avoiding the drone of the lecture hall. All this Johnson does, and more: He writes at a lively pace, with flair, intelligence, and good humor. If his text does not abound in purple patches to rival Ruskin's or Gibbon's, it certainly bears comparison to those of "readable" historians like Simon Schama or James McPherson.

Notwithstanding the trunkless statue of Ozymandias that Shelley made famous, monumental and high-priced art tends to endure best, so the art of the first centuries that art history chiefly treats are pyramids, temples, and things tucked away in tombs or hidey-holes. In the fullness of time archaeologists may yet make finds to compensate for the Eurocentrism of art history, but for now its shape is the same simple parabola we've known since Vasari: a classical Golden Age, a Dark Ages of Ostrogoth belt buckles and crude icons, curving upwards and exfoliating in the sum of all things bright and beautiful.

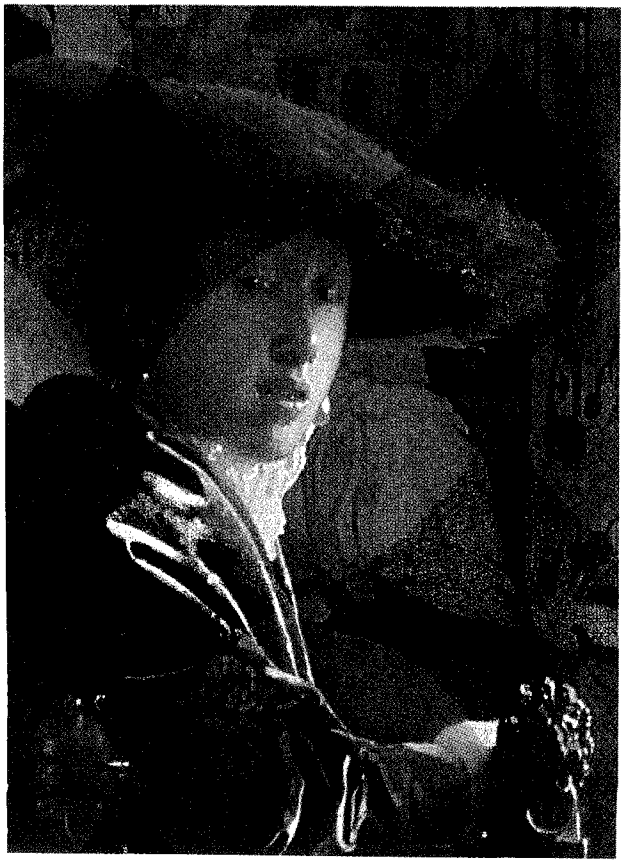
Johnson is an excellent explicator of the dark abysms of the past, its shards and ruined temples. He also sifts through the leavings of the Gothic era, explaining the merits of Carolingian minuscule and suchlike.

But it is with his eighth chapter that the book kicks into high gear, as Johnson declares unequivocally: "The medieval cathedrals of Europe—there are over a hundred of them—are the greatest accomplishments of humanity in the whole theater of art."



All pictures: HarperCollins.

Above: Jan van Eyck's The Virgin and Chancellor Rollin *(c. 1435).*
Opposite: Michelangelo's Pietà *(1500).*
Below: Vermeer's Girl in a Red Hat *(1665).*



The case he proceeds to make for this is reasoned and persuasive, but its impact lies in its grandiose and unequivocal affirmation. How rare is the pedagogue who dares to declare his preferences with forthright enthusiasm. I remember, in my undergraduate days, asking the teaching assistant of Professor Janson if she actually *liked* the works of Giotto in the same way she liked more evolved paintings, for the Italian primitives seemed to me as crude as comic books. She refused any answer, on the grounds that Giotto transcended individual preference.

Johnson never pussyfoots that way. No member of the canon is too august for a polite demur. Of the Italian *trecento* he writes: "The artist was still chained to his tools. We have to weep at the poverty of materials and techniques available to great artists of the quality of Duccio and Giotto."

He then gives an account of the difficulties and limitations of fresco painting, and concludes, "The early Italian paintings, then, were much less appealing than they might have been because they were using an inferior medium." Surely that is an example of what oft was thought but seldom expressly stated, for implicit in that judgment is a demur as to the greatest painters of the high Renaissance, Michelangelo included. "The fact is," he concludes, "the Italian painters would have been more productive, and produced better work, if they had used oil from the start [like the painters north of the Alps], or even if they had not been quite so conservative in adopting it."

Johnson's credibility as a critic is further enhanced by the fact that he is a painter himself, as he lets slip in a passage explaining the advantages of painting on canvas rather than wood panels. Poets have an undeniable edge

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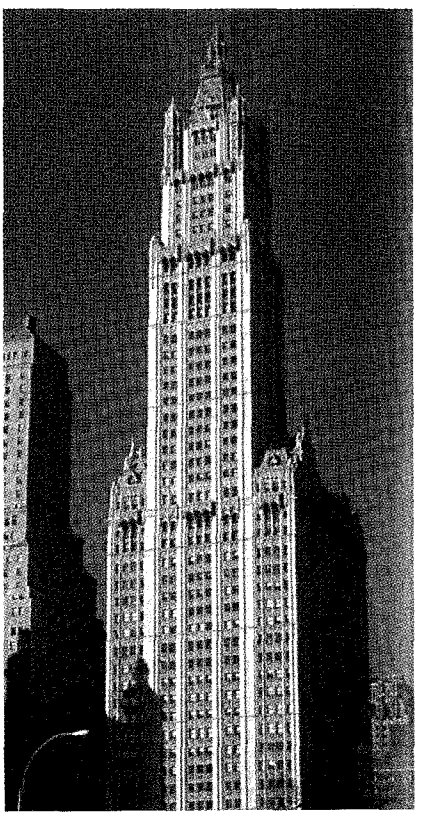
Above: Caillebotte's Paris Street: Rainy Weather *(1877). Below: New York's Woolworth Building and a model of Shanghai's World Financial Center, scheduled for completion in 2005.*

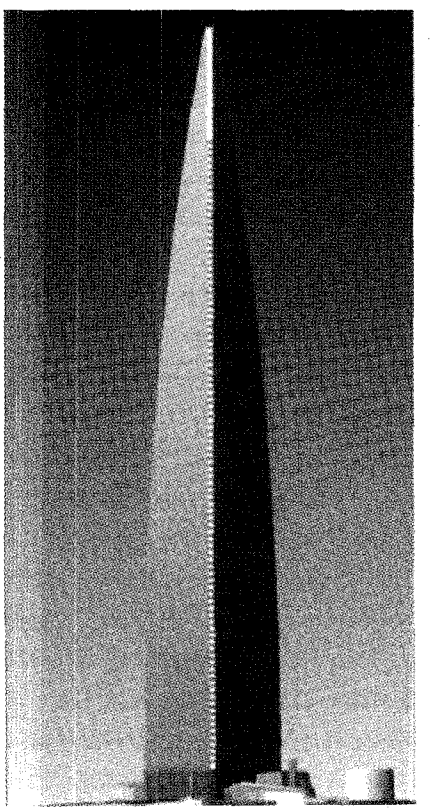
in writing criticism of poetry (their own works stand bail), as does someone with hands-on experience at the easel in writing about art. There is an unstated assumption that in Johnson's ideal commonwealth we would all be artists. He praises the Victorian conviction that watercolor was an essential accomplishment of a civilized person (noting that not only were all of Queen Victoria's offspring taught to paint, but four of the present-day royal family are watercolorists).



Johnson's can-do attitude, in conjunction with a promiscuous enthusiasm for merit, makes him an ideal cicerone through the centuries. No culture is so alien that he cannot make friends quickly with its best artists and act as their interpreter. All those painters one might not give a second glance to in one's first transit of a large museum are shown at their best with his mediation.

As he approaches the twentieth century Johnson's seemingly promiscuous appetite slackens. He will nibble a Manet, but he finds him, at root, an artist of "limited resources." He is much keener on Lautrec (who provides some great anecdotage) and Degas, but has major reservations about the Impressionists, Pissarro, Renoir, and Monet. He is even more dismissive of Cubism, and his portrait of Picasso is very cruel. My reaction was a little standoffish. I have spent too many years revering the paintings Johnson deprecates to consign them to history's scrapheap as cavalierly as he does. To him they are "fashion art," a term he glosses by giving a short history of Charles Worth, France's greatest couturier.

In the sense that "fashion art" may be a reflection of the ephemeral nature of much contemporary painting, Johnson has a point. The lesser Cubists belong in museums' attics along with the lesser marine watercolorists, the lesser Dutch flower painters, *et al.* Many of the *-isms* of the twentieth century may prove insolvent, just as entire species become extinct: dodos, dinosaurs, and minimalism. But the greater wonder is that the warehouses and auction blocks of the world abound with so much beauty. Watch *Antiques Roadshow* on television. Or browse eBay on the Internet. Or read Paul Johnson's *Art: A New History*. Especially do that. ♦



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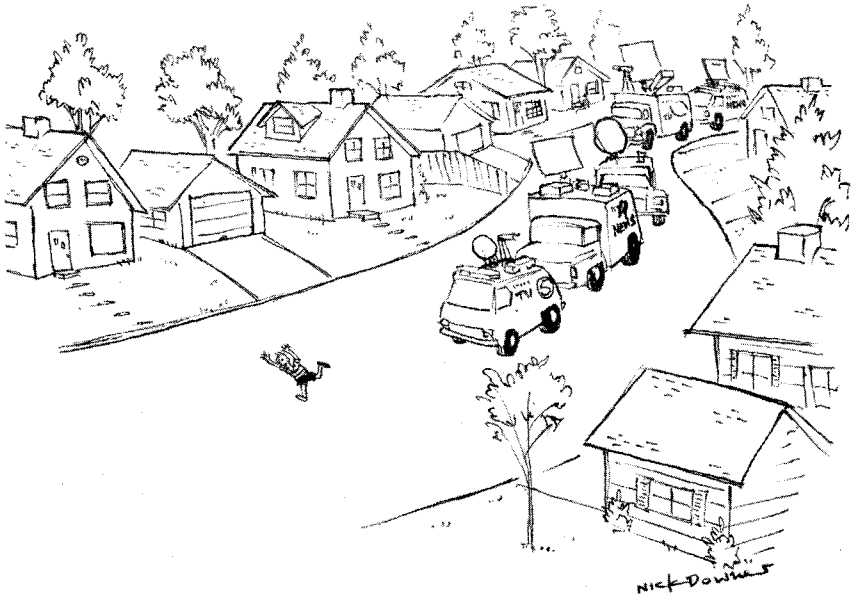

"The media circus is in town! The media circus is in town!"

Books in Brief

***John Winthrop: America's Forgotten Founding Father* by Francis J. Bremer (Oxford Univ. Press, 478 pp., $39.95).** John Winthrop, governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony, coined a phrase that still reverberates—perhaps the defining phrase for America. Quoting the Gospel of Matthew, he said Massachusetts must stand as "a city set on a hill," for "the eies of all people are uppon us."

Though devoted to God, Winthrop had shrewd business acumen. Technically, Charles I had granted a charter not to the Puritans but to the New England Company for a commercial venture. So Winthrop bought shares, got himself named governor of the corporation, and in April 1630 hurried across the Atlantic with his Puritan followers—ostensibly as a business venture. The boldness of the move seemed to shape the character of what would become a new nation.

Francis Bremer's excellent and comprehensive biography restores Winthrop to his rightful place in American memory.

—Patrick Walsh

***The Code of Man: Love, Courage, Pride, Family, Country* by Waller R. Newell (Regan, 269 pp., $24.95).** Waller Newell has written a Straussian self-help book—which is to say that Newell's lessons on manliness derive from close readings of the Western canon. *The Code of Man* is a "journey," Newell writes in his introduction, "corresponding to the five main ingredients of a satisfying life—love, courage, pride, family, and country."

Few contemporary writers can write with verve on such diverse topics as Machiavelli and Teddy Roosevelt, Rousseau and Erasmus. And although Newell doesn't always succeed at maintaining a consistent tone, he writes in an easy, laconic style. When he's not contributing to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, Newell teaches at Carleton University in Ottawa—and there are plenty of moments when *The Code of Man* rises above self-help literature to become a portable, semester-long course on Western norms of masculinity.

When Newell misses his tone, it's usually because he has taken on pop culture. Here he is on fans of hip-hop: "Like their idol Eminem, they make that peculiar downward jabbing gesture with their fingers in a hook shape, always reminding me incongruously of Mussolini haranguing the crowd from his balcony." And here he is on Bill Maher: "When [he] greeted his female guests on *Politically Incorrect* with a grinning 'Hey Gorgeous!' he showed how acute his Zeitgeist antennas were."

Well, maybe. But if Newell is not always persuasive about Homer Simpson, he's always persuasive about the original Homer's *Iliad*—and how we've slid away from manliness.

—Matthew Continetti

***Boots on the Ground: A Month with the 82nd Airborne in the Battle for Iraq* by Karl Zinsmeister (St. Martin's, 213 pp., $24.95).** Zinsmeister, editor of the *American Enterprise*, traveled with the 82nd Airborne from Kuwait to Iraq's Tallil Air Base, and in *Boots on the Ground*, he recounts the experience of being an embedded journalist.

While he provides a riveting recounting of battle, complete with sniper attacks, explosions, injury, and death, his book's heart is his admiration for the young American soldiers who "wrap goodness and aggressiveness in the . . . same uniform. When they shoot, . . . they rarely miss. Yet they don't nurse grudges; . . . they are gracious, charitable, and humane to opponents."

The attitude of the soldiers is explicitly rooted in their Americanism. Zinsmeister recounts Charlie Company Captain Adam Carson's pep talk just before a key battle: "I want you to remember . . . you are Americans. Americans don't shoot women and children. They don't kill soldiers who have surrendered. . . . That's what the [people] we're up against do. That's what we're fighting."

—Leslie Carbone

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Parody

The New York Times

Washington Final
Washington and Baltimore: Today and for as long as that jackass Bush remains president, ill winds out of Texas and a climate generally inhospitable to basic human decency. Weather map appears on Page B20.

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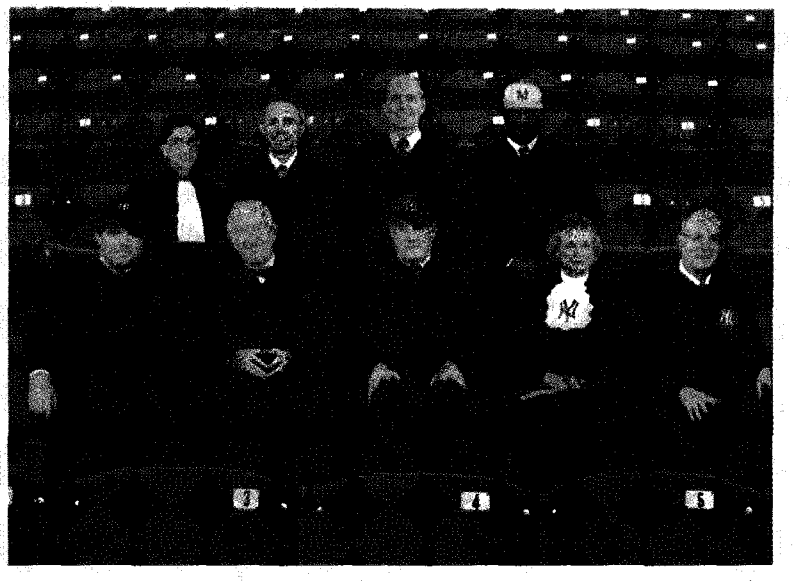
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 2003 ONE DOLLAR

SUPREME COURT HALTS RECOUNT, DASHES RED SOX PENNANT HOPES



The nine justices of the Supreme Court of the United States gather for a portrait at Yankee Stadium in New York after reviewing umpire sight-lines that figured closely in the American League Championship Series recall. The five justices ruling for the Yankees denied accusations of bias, though the decision divided the court cleanly along post-game party lines.

Constitution Bars Strike Zone Review Limited to Boston At-Bats, Majority Decides

Ruling for Yankees Prompts Bitter Dissent; 'Jeter Sucks,' Justice Souter Complains

By LINDA GREENHOUSE

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20 — The Supreme Court effectively handed baseball's American League pennant to the New York Yankees tonight, overturning the Massachusetts Supreme Court and ruling by a vote of 5-4 that there could be no further review of ball and strike calls made by plate umpires during last month's championship series between the Yankees and the Boston Red Sox.

The ruling came at 10 p.m., with just two hours to spare before the World Series "safe harbor" in baseball's bylaws would have expired. The unsigned majority opinion said the immediacy of this deadline made it impossible for the court to identify a means of adjudicating disputed walks and strikeouts that was at once "minimally constitutional" and "speedy enough" to forestall cancellation of the Series.

The five members of the majority were Chief Justice William H. Rehnquist and Justices Sandra Day O'Connor, Antonin Scalia, Anthony M. Kennedy and Clarence Thomas.

Two of the four dissenters, Stephen G. Breyer and David H. Souter, agreed with the majority that due process concerns were raised by the Massachusetts Supreme Court's decision to assign recount responsibilities to randomly chosen Boston-area cabdrivers employing inconsistent and subjective strike zone standards. Breyer and Souter also agreed that a recount restricted to the home half-innings of two games lost by the Red Sox in Boston's Fenway Park — as proposed by Red Sox

A-Bomb Find 'Irrelevant,' Says Dean

By JOHN E. PESQUI

In a heavily promoted speech to the Council on Foreign Relations here in Manhattan yesterday, former Vermont governor Howard Dean, widely considered the Democratic party's frontrunning candidate for president in 2004, said that last week's discovery of several dozen live atomic devices among muni-

the weekly Standard

OCTOBER 20, 2003

Schwarzenegger Budget Plan Includes Time Travel, Robots

By KLAATU BARADA NIKTO

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 20 — The new governor of California, Republican Arnold Schwarzenegger, has repeatedly promised to seek bipartisan, consensus solutions to *that state's yawning $8 billion budget deficit*. And in a Thursday television address from Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood, Schwarzenegger underscored the point by enthusiastically endorsing an idea closely associated with retired Gen. Wesley Clark, a leading Democratic candidate for president.

Gen. Clark, Schwarzenegger said, was "onto something big" when he recently suggested that men can "go beyond the speed of light to reach where we want to go," a phenomenon that would reverse the process of time and return a traveler to past programmed to search through previous periods of California history for the source of Sacramento's current budget woes. Once having located it, the cyborg would be *"authorized to take care of the problem,"* Schwarzenegger suggested.

Friends of former governor Gray Davis expressed alarm over the proposal, and said they would immediately petition the California Supreme Court to purge public archives of records that might help a cyborg locate Davis's parents and grandparents in some earlier decade.

But Gov. Schwarzenegger's advisers cautioned against "premature overreactions" to the plan. "This is only a treatment, not a final script," said Mike Murphy, media consultant

An 'A.L.C.S. from Hell'

Besieged by Lawyers and the Heavens, Baseball Teeters on the Brink

By GEORGE VECSEY

Not since the sachems of Augusta National cloaked the Masters Golf Tournament in medieval gynophobia has a major American sport so befouled itself with the public. By attempting to lawyer his team to the pennant, Red Sox president Larry Lucchino

News Analysis

also remember the human cost of this fall's postseason.

Even today, five weeks after 72-year-old Yankee bench coach Don Zimmer's fourteenth inning pinch-hit home run in the seventh and final game sealed another New York pennant, hundreds of Bostonians remain hospitalized under heavy sedation

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Could a Degressive Tax Be Better Than a Flat Tax?

Alvin Rabushka is the David and Joan Traitel Senior Fellow at the Hoover Institution.

Most current tax systems, including the United States income tax, have built-in disincentives to work, save, and invest. As rising incomes are taxed at progressively higher rates, some individuals choose more leisure over additional effort. I have argued that disincentives to work, save, and invest should be removed via a flat tax. But **why not go a step further and improve incentives across the board by creating a degressive tax?** Such an experiment is about to take place in Switzerland.

Residents of Switzerland are subject to personal income taxes levied by the central government and also by the 26 cantons and 2,900 municipalities. As of 2001, all the cantons were required to harmonize the concept of income and most of the deductions and allowances. The cantons and municipalities, however, are free to set the amount of deductions and the tax rates. As a result, individual tax burdens vary by canton and municipality.

Personal income tax rates in Switzerland are progressive. The federal income tax consists of nine brackets. It begins with a zero rate on income up to Swiss francs (SFr) 25,000 ($1 = SFr 1.37). Thereafter graduated rates climb to a maximum of 13.2 percent, after which they fall to a standard rate of 11.5 percent on income exceeding SFr 715,600.

The cantons and municipalities also impose their own local progressive income taxes, along with a net wealth tax and a parish tax. For a married couple without children, with a gross employment income of SFr 200,000, the combined federal, cantonal, municipal, and parish tax rates on income range from a low of 8.3 percent in Zug to a high of 19 percent in Delemont. Households with higher incomes pay higher rates.

The Swiss economy has faced hard times in the past few years. One canton, Schaffhausen, is doing something about it by changing its tax law to attract wealthy people. **Beginning in January 2004, Schaffhausen will replace its system of increasing marginal tax rates on income with a system of degressive marginal rates.** The cantonal tax rate will be set at just under 8 percent for income of SFr 100,000. It will rise to a peak of 11.5 percent for income between SFr 600,000 and SFr 800,000. Thereafter, the marginal rate declines with each incremental chunk of income: 10 percent at SFr 1,300,000; 8 percent at SFr 3,000,000; and just over 6 percent for income more than SFr 10,000,000. This is a true incentive-based tax system—the larger one's income, the lower one's marginal rate.

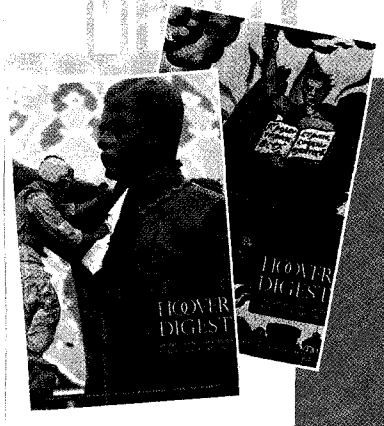
Declining marginal tax rates will also apply to wealth taxes, further enhancing the degressivity of cantonal taxes.

Schaffhausen has its own legislative parliament, which contains eighty deputies representing all regions within the canton. Eight political parties compete for these seats. Evidently Schaffhausen's voters support a tax cut that gives the greatest benefits to the richest people. They believe that attracting wealthy individuals to reside in their midst is good for everyone.

Can it be that degressive marginal rates are even better than the flat tax, especially for a faltering economy?

—Alvin Rabushka

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.



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